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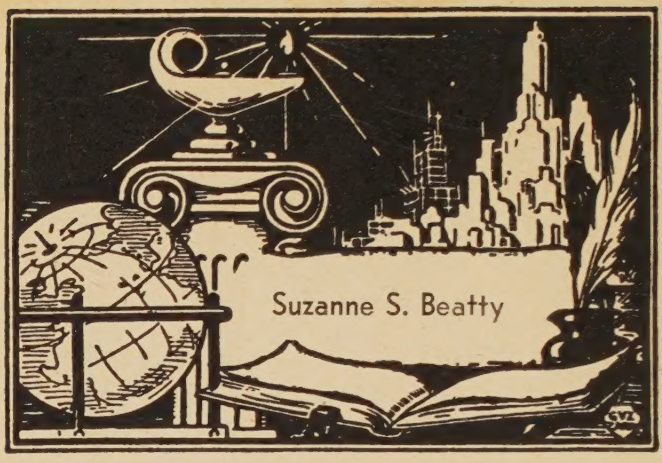
SWEDEN *and* ITS PEOPLE

ROBERT MEDILL


Suzanne S. Beatty

SWEDEN AND ITS PEOPLE

BOOKS BY ROBERT MEDILL

A LITTLE BOOK OF BRITTANY

NORWEGIAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE

SWEDEN AND ITS PEOPLE

FINLAND AND ITS PEOPLE
(*in preparation*)

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On Sunday all the province of Dalecarlia is on parade, dressed in bright costumes of medieval design. There is no better place from which to view the parade than in front of the church of Rättvik where the white walls furnish a background for the gay bodices and colored skirts of the women.

SWEDEN *and* ITS PEOPLE

BY

ROBERT MEDILL

AUTHOR OF "NORWEGIAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE,"
"A LITTLE BOOK OF BRITTANY," ETC.

McBride

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

MY FATHER

FOREWORD

There are a number of books on Sweden, on her social and economic life, her art, her industries and her history. It has not been my aim in the present volume to cover any of these subjects. Instead, I have endeavored to present in miniature a picture of Sweden and its people through a description of the outstanding features of the country as they impress the average traveler. There are necessarily many places of interest in Sweden other than those described in these pages; there is much about the life of the people that I have left untouched. I have selected only the most picturesque places, the cities of greatest individuality, the people within Sweden's boundaries who are the most interesting and typical, setting them against a lightly sketched background of history and geography. Thus I hope I may convey to the reader some measure of the spirit and atmosphere of the oldest living nation in Europe and one that presents to the traveler to-day a land of progress, beauty and romance.

R. M.

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CHAPTER I

Land and People

IF a map of Sweden were laid on one of the United States so that its length stretched east and west instead of north and south as it now runs one tip would rest on New York and the other on Chicago. The width of the country is not, to be sure, nearly so great, yet in total area Sweden is half as large again as Great Britain and Ireland together, containing nearly 175,000 square miles and covering almost five per cent of the area of Europe.

In geological formation and in climate Sweden is unique among the countries of Europe. It thrusts its head well into the Arctic regions, stretching nearly two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle to the latitude of southern Greenland, yet its southernmost point is well south of Copenhagen, not many miles north of Hamburg and about on a line with Newcastle in England. This length of coast line and mountain slope necessarily brings extreme ranges of climate, yet so potent are the pre-

vailing westerly winds in summer blowing off the genial Gulf Stream that the weather is delightfully warm well north of the Arctic Circle. Days of eighteen, twenty and twenty-four hours' duration bring plenty of sunshine, and under its pleasant warmth the verdure of field and woodland is abundant. In June Stockholm has days of eighteen and one half hours; in the far north the sun for several weeks never falls below the horizon. No other region on the earth's surface so far north as the upper reaches of the Scandinavian peninsula is so habitable for white man as this, because no other land in that frigid zone has a natural heating system which never fails. The Arctic Circle elsewhere encloses ice-bound Greenland and the bleak wastes of northern Siberia, but here in Norway and Sweden its rigors are overcome by the Gulf Stream, and the summers are warm and agreeable.

Sweden is actually the oldest state in Europe. The ancestors of the present Swedes, springing from a Teutonic branch of the Aryan race, have lived in Sweden certainly five thousand years ago and many indications point to a period three times this length. There has

been in Sweden, moreover, less mixture of blood than in almost any other European country, for, due to their relative isolation in the north of Europe and to a preservation of complete independence throughout the ages, the Swedes have maintained an almost complete racial integrity.

Twelve hundred years ago the many petty principalities then existing in Sweden were welded into one confederation under King Ingjald, who laid the foundations of the present nation. During the period of the Vikings, while the Norwegians and Danes were ravaging the countries bordering on the North Sea and the Mediterranean, the Swedes penetrated eastward, colonizing with a sturdy zeal the vast territories of Finland and Russia. In the middle of the ninth century the Russian Empire was founded by Rurik the Swede and his followers, and the Swedish Vikings pushed their way along the rivers of Russia as far as the Black and Caspian Seas. The dynasty founded by Rurik controlled the destinies of Russia for seven hundred years until at the end of the sixteenth century the so-called "period of great disorder" was followed by the Roma-

noffs, who from 1613 occupied the throne for an unbroken sovereignty of three hundred years, ending with the chaos precipitated by the present Soviet régime.

In 1389 Sweden became united to Denmark under Margaret, Queen of Denmark and Norway, but this union was never acceptable to the Swedes, who craved absolute independence, although it suited the nobles and the ecclesiastical hierarchy, who were permitted a free hand under the absentee monarchs reigning in Denmark during this period. Finally in 1520, after a century and a half of alternating peaceful rule and rebellion, a general massacre of Swedish nobles was treacherously carried out in Stockholm by Christian II which has gone down in history as "The Blood Bath of Stockholm." A wave of indignation swept over the country at this unwarranted and barbarous act. Gustavus Vasa, a young nobleman of twenty-three years whose father had perished in the massacre, promptly headed an uprising and with tireless energy and an extraordinary skill in organizing managed within a space of two years to free the country and stamp out every vestige of Danish authority. In 1523 Gustavus

was elected king and the modern Swedish state was founded.

It was the grandson of this wise and energetic monarch that brought Sweden to her greatest eminence. Gustavus Adolphus, able administrator and statesman, champion of Protestantism and the most brilliant military genius of his time, coming to the throne at seventeen, extended the boundaries of his kingdom to include a large part of the continent bordering the Baltic that is now Russia, the Baltic States and Germany, and raised Sweden to one of the proudest positions in all Europe and the most illustrious that she has ever occupied. He met his death at the Battle of Lützen in 1632 at the age of thirty-eight, but in the Thirty Years' War by his defense of religious liberty he had made himself master of Northern Europe.

Sweden, under the successors of Gustavus Adolphus, continued to exercise a dominant power in Europe until the advent of the quixotic and highly romantic King Charles XII. Ascending the throne at the age of fifteen, he found himself two years later at war with a coalition of Denmark, Russia and Poland.

Aided by the British and Dutch, Charles successively defeated this alliance on their own battlefields in brilliantly fought engagements and determined finally to deal a crushing blow at Russia, the hereditary enemy of Sweden. With this task before him he marched his army into Russia but, after nine years of victorious fighting elsewhere, he met reverses in this vast country of cold and wilderness, as did that other invader of Russia, Napoleon, a century later. At Poltava in 1709 he sustained a signal defeat and lost nearly all his army. Escaping southward with a remnant of his troops, he reached the Black Sea and established his headquarters at Bender, where he tried to enlist the help of the Sultan. Quarreling later with this monarch, he was thrust into confinement, but managing to escape and being cut off from his own country he started with a few companions in a dash across the hostile countries of Europe that completely blocked his way. Finally, after one of the most adventurous journeys in history, he reached the Baltic and crossed to his native land in 1715. Undaunted by his reverses, he again took arms against his enemies and gained some prelimi-

As in other parts of Europe at harvest time, the entire family works in the fields. In the background of this picture are the racks on which the hay is hung to dry. Nearly half of Sweden's population is engaged in agriculture.

The old country churches are picturesque in their rugged honesty of construction. The belfry was usually built apart, as in this tenth century church.

nary successes, but before winning decisive actions he was killed at the siege of Frederikshald in 1718.

With his death Sweden's star as one of the great world powers had set, but if such eminence had departed the people of the country gained something of infinitely greater value, for with the passing of Charles absolutism of the crown was abolished and the will of the people became supreme, the power being vested in a cabinet answerable to the representatives of the people and not to the king.

Notwithstanding the loss of most of her dominions Sweden, at the close of the eighteenth century, still held sovereignty over Pomerania and Finland. In the first years of the nineteenth century, however, Gustavus IV Adolphus, a narrow and arrogant monarch, joined in the wars against Napoleon, as a result of which he first lost Pomerania and later, in a disastrous conflict with Russia in 1808, was stripped of Finland also. These misfortunes compelled the abdication of this ill-fated ruler in 1809, and the reins of government were taken over by his uncle, who was old and childless. A few years later Marshal Bernadotte,

one of Napoleon's generals, was elected crown prince and subsequently became king, thus founding the present royal house. Immediately upon his election he reorganized the Swedish army and joined the allies in their war against Napoleon. After the defeat of Bonaparte he turned north and attacked Denmark, the ally of Napoleon, and as a reward for his participation in the war Norway was detached from Denmark and ceded to Sweden —a union that lasted until dissolved by mutual consent in 1905. Thus Sweden to-day consists only of her original territory on the Scandinavian peninsula.

So much for a brief historical review; the land and its people of to-day are perhaps of even greater interest.

The population of Sweden is roughly about six millions. There are a quarter as many more Swedes who have emigrated to other countries. The majority of these have gone to the United States. About seven hundred thousand are resident there and their American-born children number more than six hundred thousand. There are four hundred and fifty thousand Swedes resident in the various Eu-

ropean countries, of which three hundred thousand live in Finland. And thereby hangs an interesting tale in ethnography.

As early as the twelfth century the Swedes began to colonize Finland and established settlements in the Åland Islands, which stretch like stepping-stones across the Baltic from the gates of Stockholm to the Finnish mainland, and also on the west coast of Finland. Since then they have multiplied until to-day ten per cent of the total population of Finland consist of the Swedes and their progeny. In spite of this long tenure of residence over centuries of time the Swedish population in Finland still remain Swedes. In all this period they have intermarried but little with the Finns and to-day, after hundreds of years, they still speak Swedish and, in the western part of the country, where they are most populous, they have their Swedish newspapers. In America they would easily have been absorbed and assimilated in a generation. Until a century ago, however, when it became a part of the Russian Empire, Finland was attached to Sweden as an integral part of the Swedish kingdom and both Finnish and Swedish were the official lan-

guages of the country as they are now under the Finnish Republic.

Sweden is still very widely regarded as an agricultural nation, for farming and dairying have always been the dominant occupations of the people, and that Sweden is an important dairying country is evident from the products one finds on the table. It is almost the only country in Europe where butter, for example, is prodigally laid out, and one is tempted by its creamy excellence to indulge freely. Usually when in Rome I do as the Romans do and patronize the dishes of the country, forming as they do a welcome change from the routine of my native bill of fare. In Sweden I shamelessly consume more than my share of *knäckebrod,* the large crisp Swedish rye cake, which is most delicious when liberally spread with butter. Cream, too, a rarity in Europe since 1914, is an article of commerce in Sweden and not a museum exhibit. Combined in proper solution with the morning coffee it is a welcome change to the American palate after the hot milk and coffee concoctions one endures in other European countries. Incidentally they possess the art of making good coffee in Swe-

den—certainly a distinguished accomplishment.

The prodigality of the Swede in the matter of food is nowhere more in evidence than in his national institution, the Smörgåsbord, which means bread and butter table, a side table where various relishes are served. This sideboard groans under the weight of its lavish *hors d'œuvres.* Here the creamy butter is in mountains and the guest helps himself from the bewildering variety of fish and meats and cheeses. Wherever you go in Sweden your luncheon and supper and sometimes your breakfast too will be preceded by this very ample and very alluring and very bewildering table.

In spite of the fact, however, that more than seventy per cent of the population live in the country, Sweden has become rapidly industrialized during the present generation and has taken a conspicuous place among the industrial nations of the world. Slightly more than half of its people are now engaged in industry, transport and trade and in these pursuits Sweden ranks ahead of France, Italy, Spain and Holland.

The outstanding industries of Sweden are

iron and timber. From the earliest times iron ore has been mined in Sweden and markets have easily been secured for it because of its superior quality. As far back as the middle of the eighteenth century Sweden contributed half of the world's production of iron. In earlier days the principal mining district was in central Sweden, but in recent times the mines in the far-off province of Lapland, north of the Arctic Circle, have taken premier place. Some years ago the Swedish Government built a railroad across this far northern district from the Gulf of Bothnia on the Baltic to Narvik in Norway, just across the Swedish frontier on the Atlantic. Iron is produced here on a vast scale and a new empire of the north has been founded. This railroad is virtually the backbone of a rich field of ore deposits, linking the mining town of Kiruna with the port of Narvik, where ships berthed alongside of great docks projecting into the harbor receive the ore direct from the cars and carry it to England and Germany and, in fact, throughout the world. Every forty-five minutes during the day and night an electric train of thirty cars containing more than a thousand tons of

ore passes westward on its uninterrupted journey to the coast and at equal intervals a similar train of "empties" rattles on its way back to the mines. In normal times six million tons are mined here of which the greater part is exported.

The mines in Lapland consist not of underground veins but of mountains of ore and the iron is merely blasted from the surface, almost in a pure state. Much of the ore is 68 per cent iron as compared with the saturation point of 72 per cent. Eventually the entire mountain will disappear under the hand of the miner. There is no immediate prospect of this, however, since the deposits here contain 758 million tons of ore.

It is a curious fact that from this mountain at Kiruna a broad vein of iron runs under the lake adjoining the town, continuing underground across country to a sister mountain of iron three miles away at Luossavaara. The coming of the railroad and the consequent development of the mines at Kiruna have created a city of ten thousand people where twenty years ago there was open country, a startling thing in Europe, although not unknown in the

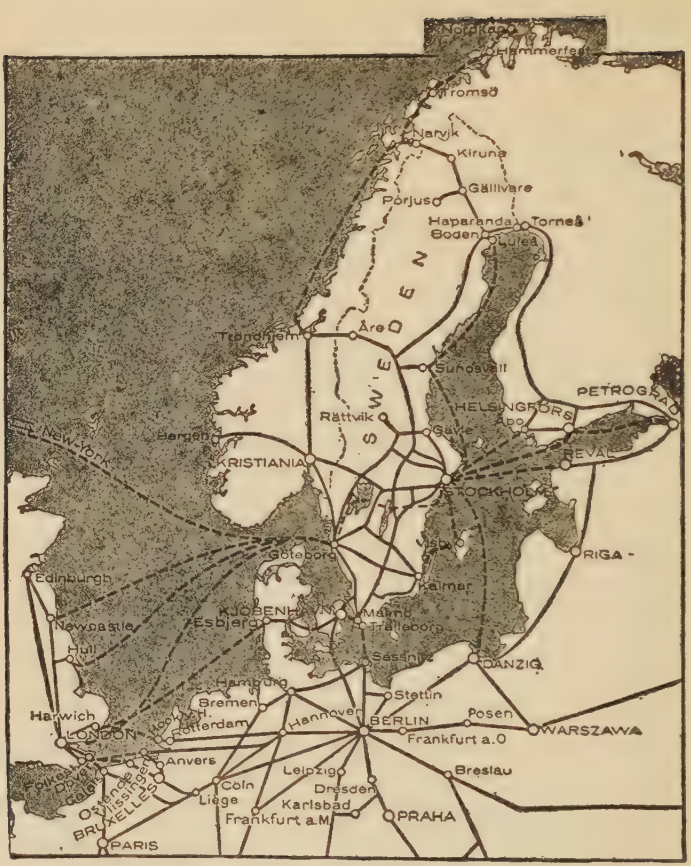
rapid growth of American communities. Kiruna, in fact, with its wooden houses, bears a strong resemblance to a pioneer city of the American West. At night this mountain of iron, towering above the town, with its galleries of electric lights tier upon tier, is an awesome picture. The Lapps, clad in their outlandish costumes, coming to town from their remote encampments to sell their reindeer meat and hides and to buy a few needed things of civilization, strike a curious note against this modern industrial background.

The greatest wealth of Sweden, however, is in its timberlands. With Russia disorganized industrially, Sweden is now the first timber-producing country in the world. Dense forests abound in the northern part of the country and a continuous wooded tract covers an area greater than the British Isles. It is estimated that fifty-nine per cent of the country is covered with trees, or for every inhabitant ninety-one and a half acres of forest. Immense quantities of timber are cut each year under a system of scientific forestry and are ground up into wood pulp to be made into paper in the Swedish mills or exported to be used in

factories abroad. In the manufacture of matches Sweden leads the world. In her largest factory forty thousand boxes of matches are turned out every hour.

If this were a book of Swedish industries many pages might be filled with a description of her natural wealth, her engineering, electrical, copper, brass, chemical, pottery, glass and other industries; but there are other things of a less technical nature to be recorded here.

Of broader appeal to the traveler are Sweden's many places of historic and picturesque interest. Certainly, while Sweden is not so familiar as most Continental countries, yet it is accessible enough to attract even the hurried visitor to Europe. It is reached by direct ocean routes from New York, or by steamers over the North Sea from London and Newcastle; it is merely a short ferry journey from Copenhagen; and from Berlin and Hamburg a few hours' trip by rail brings the traveler to Sassnitz, where huge modern ferries carry him across the Baltic. Leaving Berlin in the forenoon, you are thus in Trälleborg, in southern Sweden, in the evening, and in Stockholm the following morning.



Sweden is accessible from many points in England and the northern part of the Continent. The principal rail and steamer routes are shown on this map

To us Americans, Sweden is almost like a part of ourselves. Certainly we have many things in common, not only in our democratic outlook on life but also in our devotion to specialized industry. Like us, for instance, Sweden seems to have adopted the telephone quite as universally as we have. Stockholm in fact has a telephone for every four inhabitants, leading the cities of the world in the number of telephones per capita, with Minneapolis, however, a close second.

Sweden has also attacked the prohibition question with the same vigor, but in quite a different manner than the United States. They have adopted the system of rationing alcoholic beverages which has thus far proved successful and they have completely banished the saloon from their cities.

English seems to be more generally spoken than in any other country of the continent with the possible exception of Switzerland.

English is compulsory in the schools and almost every educated man, especially of the younger generation, speaks a little English at least.

Naturally their customs vary from ours, but

their manner of life has much in common which appeals inherently to the American mind.

We Americans who keep to the right in walking and riding are sometimes bewildered in visiting other countries where a different custom prevails. In England they walk to the right and drive to the left. In Sweden they both walk and drive to the left. It is the only country in the world, I believe, where such a custom prevails. Curiously enough, in Norway, adjoining, all traffic moves to the right, as ours does. I failed to notice this difference in Stockholm and sallied forth on the street, shortly after my arrival, in blissful ignorance of it. I was soon in difficulty and thought the people a very stupid lot to keep me dodging out of their way. What atrocious manners they had! Until another pedestrian and I had dodged each other into a wall and I had nearly bowled him over in my endeavor to continue my walk, it never occurred to me that the fault was mine.

Fringing the coast in southern Sweden are the favorite seaside resorts, frequented by the Germans in the days before the war. Here you are in Scania, or, as the Swedes call it,

Skåne, "The Granary of Sweden," the most thickly populated and the most fertile district in the kingdom. In the mild climate of the southern part apricots, peaches and grapes ripen to perfection and enough sugar beets are grown to supply the entire country with sugar.

Scania abounds in old castles and ancient manor houses and its largest town is Malmö, situated directly across the sound from Copenhagen, which with its more than a hundred thousand people is the third city of the state, an attractive town with many relics of the past. In this province too is the old university city of Lund, famed for more than a thousand years as a seat of learning and as an ecclesiastical center. It possesses a cathedral which was begun in the eleventh century and is the oldest metropolitan church in the north distinguished for having one of the largest crypts of any similar building in the world.

At the narrowest part of the sound which separates Sweden from Denmark, where it becomes a strait but three miles in width, lies Hälsingborg situated on terraces rising from the shore. Directly opposite, on the Danish side, is Helsingör, or Elsinore. Here is the

famous castle of Kronborg, the scene of Hamlet. It is only a short ferry journey between the two cities and this is the route usually taken by travelers between Copenhagen and most points in Sweden.

Just north of Hälsingborg is Sofiero, the favorite summer residence of the Crown Prince, and beyond are Mölle and Båstad, among the most popular seaside resorts in Sweden, vying with Falsterbo, which is south of Malmö, on the very tip of the Swedish peninsula, and famous for its stretches of sandy beach and its fashionable Continental atmosphere and appurtenances.

Following the western coast line northward from Hälsingborg, we arrive at Gothenburg, the second city of the kingdom. Here begins the favorite tourist route through the Göta Canal that pierces the heart of Sweden, linking up in one continuous waterway the city of Stockholm on an estuary of the Baltic with its twin city, Gothenburg, on the opposite side of the peninsula. Properly speaking, it is not a canal, but consists of a series of rivers and lakes connected by artificial waterways. Out of a total of two hundred and forty miles of

Southern Sweden abounds in old castles and ancient manor houses. Örebro Castle, in the center of Sweden, due west of Stockholm, is a typical example of a stronghold of the middle ages.

The water life of Stockholm is one of never-ending interest and it moves along the cleanest and least unlikely waterside in the world, for the extensive shore line of the city provides an abundance of docking space.

waterway only fifty-six are actually canalized.

Northwest of Stockholm—a matter of seven hours by train—lies the enchanting province of Dalecarlia, where, on Sundays and holidays, in the pretty little villages and towns that cluster about Lake Siljan, may be seen the most impressive display of medieval costumes to be found in Europe.

Jämtland—if you were a Swede you would pronounce it "Yemtland"—is a favorite mountain country and lies at the foot of Mt. Åreskutan, which lacks a few hundred feet of being a mile high, but nevertheless is one of the giants of the plateau district which averages two thousand feet in altitude. Jämtland is a fine country of great wide valleys, vast open spaces, prettily wooded sections interspersed with prosperous farms, bald, rounded, barren mountain tops and roaring waterfalls. In winter this country is the home of winter sports. Ski running down the slopes and, in February and March, competitions for ski jumping, coasting, tobogganing and curling enliven the short winter days. This district marks the most southerly migrations of the Lapps and the more venturesome of these strange, shy

nomads often appear in groups at the sport centers. Åre and its neighboring towns are in the exact latitude of Trondhjem, which is just over the mountain range across the Norwegian border, a few hours distant by rail.

Finally north of here, perched at the top of the Scandinavian peninsula, is the province of Lapland, a vast tableland of great mountains and boundless forests, of tumbling, foaming watercourses and thundering falls, of mountains of iron and the midnight sun, the home of the Lapps, the strangest and most primitive people west of the Asiatic border.

CHAPTER II

The Venice of the North

BIRGER JARL or, as we would say in English, Earl Birger, a powerful nobleman of medieval times, was taking no chances when he laid the foundations of modern Stockholm in 1255. Taking into account the commercial advantages of a location directly on the sea coast, he decided with due deliberation that safety first was the wisest policy, and consequently selected for the capital of his dominion a small group of three islands many miles from deep water in the extensive watercourses that connect the great lake Mälar, which the Swedes call Mälaren, with the near-by waters of the Baltic. In spite of their protected position behind the barrier of hundreds of similar bodies of land these islands, which had long been settled, were repeatedly plundered by pirates and roving tribes. In consequence, Birger Jarl strongly fortified the site of his city and so put a stop to these recurring and devastating invasions. This forethought in picking the sit-

uation of Stockholm not only gave it unusually great protection from foreign foes in the succeeding centuries, but because of its superb natural environment made possible its present-day beauty.

Stockholm, thus situated amid encircling and intersecting waterways and now grown so large as to occupy a dozen islands, is therefore called "The Venice of the North" with excellent reason. Back in the 17th century, in the piping times of Gustavus Adolphus, when with almost startling suddeness Sweden became a great world power, there was a pronounced desire among the Swedes to make Stockholm one of the most splendid capitals of Europe. With such an almost unequaled situation the possibilities were unlimited. If the magnificence of the idealists of that day has not been fully achieved it is nevertheless a fact that Stockholm is among the most beautiful capital cities of the world. Rome and Venice were the models of these ambitious dreamers of the sixteen hundreds and thus it is natural that, architecturally, Italian Renaissance plays a large part in the older buildings.

The original city occupying its small island

and two outlying fragments in the swirling waters of Lake Mälar's outlet, remained within these relatively small confines for several centuries, keeping off marauders by the impregnability of its position and the strength of its defenses. Finally, when Sweden was thrown into the vortex of world affairs, trade increased, the population grew, and the city was forced to expand to neighboring islands. To-day, connected up with bridges, it occupies a wide area on these various bodies of land, some of which are thickly populated while others resemble great parks.

It is on this original island, "the city between the bridges" as it is called, that the ancient houses stand bearing testimony to its earlier history. The narrow thoroughfares, flanked by rows of these tall plaster buildings that strongly resemble one another, twist and turn through the narrow confines of this medieval island metropolis having as their chief object either the broad street that follows the encircling waterfront always crowded with shipping activity, or the Stortorget at the top of the Palace Hill to which they climb steeply.

Fire has swept this old city many times in the past three centuries and the ancient timber buildings that first graced its streets have long since disappeared to be replaced by stone and plaster structures of later times. So tall are these and so narrow are the streets that as you stroll along you have the impression of walking through deep canyons. The doorways of many of these houses are surmounted by their sculptured coats-of-arms and the tiny shops that seem almost to hide behind the modest windows indicate the character of their calling by the display of diminutive symbolic signs. A gold pretzel indicates a bread shop, a maid busily milking a cow invites you into a dairy, a light of stained glass betrays the presence of a picture store, a pewter stein naturally suggests a place of liquid refreshments and a pair of wings atop a pole entwined with serpents is set, for some reason or other, over a full-fledged bakery. The main shopping center of modern Stockholm lies across the bridge in the newer city, but many shops of modest demeanor purveying every kind of ware still remain to serve the people who cling to this venerable fragment of the present-day capital and the sea-

It is not without reason that Stockholm is called "The Venice of the North," for it spreads itself over a dozen islands in the water-courses which furnish an outlet for Lake Malar into the Baltic. In this airplane view is shown the island that formed the original city. The large square building in the left background is the Royal Palace; to its left is the Riksdag House.

In the water-threaded location of Sweden's capital city there is the always beautiful and always different aspect of the channels at twilight to enchant both resident and traveler.

faring folk whose ships are moored to the quays near by.

On the bluff of this island facing the newer Stockholm stands the King's palace, a massive Italian Renaissance building constructed in a vast quadrangle and erected nearly two centuries ago. It faces the water—almost everything faces the water in Stockholm—and in its majestic proportions it seems to express the very spirit of the North. Not far away is the Stortorget, or Great Market, flanked by curious old gabled houses, the most picturesque in all Stockholm. On the façade of one of these patriarchs, over whose doorway is sculptured the builders' coat-of-arms and the date 1650, may be seen wrought iron crosses distributed lavishly over the surface. These, it is said, are a relic of the famous "Blood Bath" of 1520, in which eighty-two nobles and distinguished citizens of Stockholm were executed. One of these ornaments remains as a memorial for each citizen who died a martyr for Swedish independence. On the opposite side of this tiny island, a few minutes' walk distant, is held the daily market where in the early morning hours the market people

come by boat, tram and cart to display their wares. The market place lies by the water's edge, a convenient place for the fishmonger and the market gardener who berth their vessels by the quay alongside. There are scores of these tiny craft lying cheek by jowl and in the square or plaza adjoining are displayed a dazzling supply of viands to titillate the imagination of the purchasers of which there seem to be no lack, for during the height of the market there is feverish activity in buying and selling. The cash-and-carry plan is popular in Scandinavia. To secure the best that the market affords the wise buyers come early, which means before nine o'clock; after that the choice is gone.

If you think that because Stockholm lies in the far North you are restricted in the variety of diet at hand, you have but to observe the tiny stands, presided over by jolly-looking, stout peasant women, which are groaning with strawberries, wild and cultivated, currants, gooseberries, cherries, artichokes, mushrooms, squash, cucumbers, carrots, beets, peas, lettuce, potatoes, chickens, fish, cut and potted flowers in profusion and other foods of the animal and vegetable kingdom.

In this ancient quarter of modern Stockholm are venerable churches and time-worn public buildings around which the life of the city in earlier days revolved, witnesses of many stirring events in Swedish history. There is the Knights House, built in 1641 to be the House of Representatives of the Swedish nobility, the most exquisite seventeenth century building in Stockholm; the Stor Kyrkan, or Market Church, supposed to have been founded by Birger Jarl in 1264, although the present edifice was rebuilt in 1726; and the Riddarsholms Church, once a Franciscan chapel and now the Westminster Abbey of Sweden where, since the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish kings and national heroes have been buried. It contains the chapel of Gustavus Adolphus built in 1633 by the King's own order given before his departure for the wars in Germany where he met his untimely death, and here rests his sarcophagus wrought in green marble. In another chapel is the tomb of Charles XII, the much loved hero-knight of the Swedish people. The tombs of kings and queens appear on every hand, and the floor of the church is entirely paved with gravestones of its illustrious dead.

Flanking the Norrbo, the short bridge leading to the palace, are the imposing Houses of Parliament, and on the square at the other end of the bridge in the newer city is the Royal Opera, where you may enjoy grand opera, thanks to the control of the state, for the modest sum of forty cents, if you are not too proud to sit in the topmost gallery. The King pays fifteen thousand dollars a year for his box, a royal privilege that the ordinary citizen hardly envies.

On the occasion of my first visit to the Swedish capital I attended the opera and thoroughly enjoyed it. The music was excellent. This experiment being successful, I essayed the theatre, and a few evenings later found myself listening to a comic opera. But I had reckoned without the language, which was against me. Music knows no language, comedy is dependent upon it. Without the spoken word the performance failed of conviction, for the play was a Spanish romance, bristling with what should have been fierce, black-eyed Andalusian brigands and olive-complexioned señoritas. Since there is hardly a black eye in all Scandinavia, and olive complexions are rarely found north

of 45° north latitude, much necessarily was left to my imagination. The rather staccato tones of the Swedish language were at a disadvantage in replacing the soft musical cadences of Spanish. This was my only experiment in Swedish drama. The next time I shall seek out a Viking pantomime.

There is the same sense of symmetry in the Stockholm streets that is found in many other Continental cities—an orderliness of architectural arrangement that is quite missing from our American and English cities. This is largely due, of course, to the restricted height of the buildings, but there is about the business streets of this northern capital a diminutive quality in building and shop, and width of street and sidewalk that makes it seem almost like a toy city. The shops are mostly of uniform size with neat square show windows, so similar that it is difficult at a glance to distinguish one from another. These shops face on straight narrow streets that seem to accentuate the Lilliputian character of everything, but because the buildings are low the pedestrian has no sense of feeling shut in. These qualities, rather than detracting from the interest of the city, give it

a definite charm and contribute an interesting element to its personality.

In the residential streets the spaces are greater and the buildings are more imposing. Rows of large apartment houses line the thoroughfares in the modern sections, the architecture of these immense blocks being characterized by the dignity and austerity of the North. There is nothing provincial in the aspect of Stockholm. It gives the impression rather of being finished, the air of a city with a vision, the capital of a nation proud of its achievements.

As befits a city as dignified and as well ordered as Stockholm, the police force is impressively arrayed. The police, whether on foot or on horseback, are smartly uniformed in military splendor and the visitor, seeking information, approaches them almost apologetically. In their short military frock coats adorned with gleaming brass buttons, their pointed helmets heavily encrusted with gold, and their swords embellished with tassels and gilt, they are almost the exact counterpart of the German army officers of the old régime. They are prob-

The most conspicuous element of the traffic in the waterways of Sweden's capital city is made up of many tiny steamers that bring from the suburbs and the reaches of the nearby waterways their crowds of commuters, and deposit them briskly upon the quays which border the city streets.

It is hardly possible to produce a picture of any important part of Stockholm in which water is not a noticeable item. The Royal Palace is beautifully located, rising above a lagoon which is flanked by an esplanade from which at night the marvel of the lighted harbor is like a lake of fire brimming with shafts and orbs of shimmering brilliance.

ably the most splendidly groomed policemen in the world.

There is much to amuse the visitor in Stockholm. The water courses that trace their devious ways here and there are throbbing with life and busy with traffic. Ferries and steamers and sailing craft tie up at the quays, which are really part of the city streets, and contribute no end of activity to the scene. There are excursions by steamer to island and mainland resorts in the great lake Mälaren and the Baltic, and in the city itself there are parks and great open spaces in the less populated islands. There is one park called Skansen, situated on an island a short walk from the center of the city, that is an outdoor museum or permanent exposition. Here are scenes typical of Sweden's life in the past and the present. There are cabins of the forest dwellers, Lapp huts, old farmhouses, medieval wooden churches, and other buildings that distinguish the varied life of the country—an all-Swedish study in architecture and the life of the groups that make up the Swedish nation. Capping the highest part of the park is a restaurant, where pretty blond

waitresses serve you in the brilliant native costumes of Dalecarlia and other rural communities, and above it all is a tower from which The Venice of the North is spread at your feet as from an aeroplane.

In summer these parkways and open stretches on the various islands are thronged by picnicking parties and pedestrians and holiday seekers, and the water courses are alive with motor boats and other pleasure craft. In winter they are the rendezvous of countless skiers and the frozen streams and artificial rinks are thronged with skaters. The architecturally splendid stadium erected for the Olympiad of 1912 is thrown open in summer to sports of all kinds and in winter it becomes a skating rink, or rather a series of rinks, for there are sections for figure skaters, speed skaters and children. Stockholm is not so cold a city as its latitude might indicate, but in January and February the thermometer is low enough and the sun's rays so ineffective as to insure almost continuous winter sports.

The extensive archipelago, of which Stockholm is the center, extends east on the arm of the Baltic more than thirty-five miles to the

open sea, and westward into Lake Mälar, nearly seventy-five miles. The many communities of small villages and summer homes along the liquid lanes of this *skärgard* are linked up to the capital with frequent steamship service, and the diminutive vessels that cover these routes make a rare sight as they steam into the waters of the city in the early morning. And this, incidentally, is one of the things that give Stockholm, in its water-rimmed setting, its charm and never-ending interest. The city, expanding from its earliest site, spreads itself over a dozen islands and, along the flowing roads that intersect its divisions, moves the water life of the city and its skerries. Regardless of the number of times the traveler may have visited Stockholm he will never tire of watching the rising tide of traffic that comes with the early morning hours, the most conspicuous part of which are the flocks of little steamships that move swiftly along their ways, coming from miniature towns and summer communities, near by and far away, racing for their accustomed berths along the stone quays of the city like a group of race horses dashing for the finish. At eight o'clock the city waterways are

almost deserted. Before long the first steamboat appears, and hanging on its flank are others that have taken up the chase. A few minutes pass, then another group steams into sight, its members in a sort of free-for-all race for their goal.

The waters are soon alive with moving traffic, gleaming white in the morning sun. The long curve of the *Norrström* that flows past the Royal Palace, the stately Riksdag House and the Royal Opera, grouped together in the center of the city, is the objective, principally, of these steamers. The quay, a part of the open street in this hub of the civic wheel, is quite untenanted at an early hour, but by nine o'clock it is edged by a row of little white steamers. Puffing up to the stone rampart with eminent satisfaction they cast their mooring lines over the stanchions on shore and lay down their gangplanks, over which their passengers stream and hurry off to their tasks in the city. Following this wholesale desertion the freight is leisurely unloaded and carted off in drays, in motor wagons and in simple man-power push carts.

You may follow the shore line of Stockholm

where you will, to the sections where the timber and fuel boats are berthed, to the quays where the larger steamships lie, to the water-side market where the produce boats tie up, to the docks frequented by picturesque sailing vessels or to the haunts of the multitude of motor boats on which, in splendid privacy, many people commute, and you will find an abundance of things to engage your interest. Plying the swiftly flowing waters are vessels of every sort from the diminutive ferries, that for ten *öre* will carry you across a narrow strait and save you a land journey of a mile, to the big looming ships that travel the seven seas. There is no cleaner or more orderly water-side in the world for, with such an abundance of docking space, there is never any congestion and being part of the city's streets it is kept well swept. The waters that flow through the city are clean and sparkling, moving rapidly from the reaches of Lake Mälar into the currents of the Baltic.

The daytime interest of these city water-courses is transformed into beauty by the magic of the night. When the passenger boats have made their departure and the working craft are

tied up to their silent wharves, the myriad lights of the city throw shafts and pools of gleaming brilliance into the moving waters and the moon, with an alchemist's cunning, fashions shimmering lanes of beaten silver on the somber surface.

CHAPTER III

The Silver Skerries of Stockholm

THERE are in the countless waterways of Stockholm's *skärgard* between twelve and thirteen hundred islands, some mere rocky islets and others splendidly wooded tracts, but all seem equally beautiful in the silvery surface of the clear and glistening waters. Along the wooded shores of these protected waters, fringing strait and channel and bay, the people of the capital have built their summer homes, and here, too, in the olden days the kings and lords erected their castles. To-day these ancient structures, clothed in the stern architecture of the North, reconstruct for the visitor the château life of the hardy Norsemen of ancient times. It is from the throbbing center of Stockholm that you take passage for the historic castles and fashionable resorts on the tree-clad shores of the archipelago. You might, following the practice of a friend of mine when he is in Stockholm, select at random any one of the little passenger steamers that dock

on the city's street, without regard to its destination, and, upon departure, find yourself before long sailing through enchanting scenery bound for a haven that proves well worth a visit, for every steamer route that radiates from the capital is one of delight. There are islands in this picturesque littoral of every shape and size, emerald green in their tree-clad slopes, some quite uninhabited but more with summer homes. Motor boats frisk everywhere, more useful here than motor cars, sailing craft plow through the ruffled sea and people bathe in the clear blue waters. This is the picture you get, a picture of the city workers at play in the warm, short summer in one of the finest water playgrounds in the world.

If your time is limited, however, you will hardly want to select your steamer haphazard but will embark instead for the places that are famous in Swedish history. East of Stockholm, toward the Baltic, is Saltsjöbaden, a sail of an hour and a half through countless water courses, hemmed by wooded shores, which harbor a multitude of tiny cottages and imposing villas grouped in a dozen summer communities, at which the tiny steamers make momen-

tary stops. Saltsjöbaden—meaning salt-sea-baths—is the most fashionable watering place of the capital. Here on a slender, tree-covered peninsula jutting out into the salt water and

The archipelago of Stockholm extends eastward into the waters of the Baltic and westward into those of Lake Mälar. The principal resorts and places of historic interest are shown here.

along a circular bay are large hotels, within gardened grounds, and villas and bathing pavilions to which the gay and fashionable come for their summer holidays and, to a lesser degree, in winter for winter sports, and where day excursionists from Stockholm dare to venture.

Vaxholm, in the same waters and equally dis-

tant from the capital, is another well-known, but less fashionable, Mecca for the holiday seeker. A little fishing town of fifteen hundred people with hotels and popular restaurants, it is patronized largely by excursionists and is a favorite rendezvous for motor and sail boats, which throng the surrounding waters. The venerable fortress of Vaxholm is here, the *raison d'être* of the town, picturesquely set on a tiny islet in the little sound a hundred yards from shore. Built by Gustavus Vasa in the sixteenth century and strengthened in recent years, it has guarded the approach to Stockholm for several centuries.

In the other direction from the capital, westerly in the fresh waters of Lake Mälar, are situated a royal palace of the present, a grim castle of ancient kings and the most historic city of Sweden, for centuries a famous seat of learning. Sailing in this direction you thread, as you do in the direction of the Baltic, scores of channels which make their way through the numberless islands that dot the waters. You are going inland now and the shore line you find is more genial in character, the evergreen covering of the islands and mainland inter-

spersed with elm and maples and other deciduous trees less somber, and punctuated with farms and meadows.

In forty-five minutes by steamer you arrive at the château of Drottningholm, the equivalent in English of "Queen Island," a royal residence named after the Queen of Johan III, who built a palace here in the sixteenth century. This was replaced a century later by the present château, which is the summer residence of the Swedish kings.

If you contrive to pay your visit when the King is away you will see exactly how a democratic monarch of the twentieth century lives. You will be conducted through a rather simply furnished palace, free from flamboyant decorations, through the quarters occupied by the present royal family, through the visitors' suite where the Kaiser and the Queen of Holland and the King of Portugal and lesser breeds have put up. The furniture throughout the various apartments is almost entirely antique and in spite of its age is, even to the covers, in fine condition. The ancient chair coverings, many of which are hand painted, have been admirably preserved, for the Queen with

commendable care orders them to be kept covered, particularly those in the guest rooms, when not in use. The Queen betrays every evidence of being a careful and scrupulous housekeeper, for when I was there a year or two ago the palace was closed to visitors for the purpose of being put through complete renovation in expectation of a visit from the Queen of Holland, and I can testify to the thoroughness of the work. If the Queen, on her visit, discovered a speck of dust she must have searched for it after the order of Diogenes.

The royal family lives a quiet life here in this secluded spot. The King entertains relatively little, for entertaining is an expensive business in these modern times, when kings are obliged to scrape along on moderate incomes, and finds amusement in reading and in playing cards, of which he is very fond.

The château is built in the French style and its stately grounds were laid out in the seventeenth century by Charles XI, in the formal style of the gardens of Versailles. In the park of the château is the *China Slott*, a pagoda-like cottage erected for his queen by Adolphus Frederick in 1770. To this modest Chinese

Forty-five minutes from the capital by steamer, across the beautiful waters of Lake Mälar, is Drottningholm, the summer palace of the Royal family. It was built in the seventeenth century and the gardens were laid out in the formal style of those at Versailles.

Gripsholm Royal Castle, on the shores of Lake Mälar, three hours from Stockholm, is, historically and romantically, the finest castle in Sweden. It was built by Gustavus Vasa in 1527.

house one of the earlier kings delighted to come and live, away from the greater pretense of the château.

Historically and romantically the finest castle in Sweden is Gripsholm, further west on the wide stretches of Lake Mälar, and because of its associations and its situation I should rather visit this venerable pile than any other in the kingdom. By the side of the little town of Mariefred, on the edge of the lake, rise the four red towers of this imposing medieval castle, built in 1537 by Gustavus Vasa, the father of modern Sweden and the founder of a dynasty. He was a heroic figure, this doughty warrior. He wrenched the country from Christian, of Denmark, who had, by subterfuge, added Sweden to his Scandinavian dominions, became its ruler and reigned over it for nearly forty years, organizing its army and navy, its industries and its agriculture, endearing himself to his subjects by his indomitable will, his devotion to his country's interests, his God-fearing qualities, becoming an almost absolute and patriarchal monarch. Gustavus Vasa created a nation out of a disorganized country and prepared the way for Sweden's greatness under

the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, his grandson, who in turn brought Sweden to its pinnacle of glory.

The exterior and interior of Gripsholm possess in every line the rugged strength of its founder. The castle is now a museum containing one of the most remarkable collections of royal paintings in Europe. The rooms are wainscoted in native woods and the ceilings are elaborate in design, of carved and colored woods and frescoes, and on the walls hang a multitude of portraits of the kings and queens and noblemen of Europe who helped to make history in the past two or three centuries. The rooms contain, as well, the original furniture of Gustavus Vasa and his successors on the Swedish throne, so that you may reconstruct in your mind the royal home life of the day. There is about Gripsholm, in its isolated situation, an aloofness from modern life, a stately calm in its setting on the wooded shore of the lake, a picturesqueness of location that conveys the atmosphere of remote days. The little town of Mariefred that nestles on the lake shore near by is asleep in the shadow of the castle, its serenity quite undisturbed by the commerce and

bustle of the capital city a few hours away. If the day be warm you will wander over from the castle, mount the stairs of the tiny inn that has catered to wayfarers for many generations and, on the upper porch which overlooks a garden flanked by trees, you will, in the languorous air of the early afternoon, eat your lunch of dishes prepared with the certain skill of Swedish culinary art. I've done exactly this and I envy you your experience.

You've heard of Upsala, of course, the cradle of Swedish learning. You can reach it by steamer along this same waterway or you can go in less time by rail. On the way you may stop off at Skokloster, which means "Forest Monastery," a turreted château on the forested fringe of the lake that occupies the site of a medieval monastery which was presented by Gustavus Adolphus to one of his marshals. The monastery, useless now that the Reformation had left its permanent mark in Sweden, was destroyed and in its place was erected this splendid palace, filled afterwards with the spoils of the Thirty Years' War.

Upsala is not only a famous university town, but it is, as well, the most venerable city in the

realm. A few minutes' drive from the present city brings you to Old Upsala, which was the seat of the early pagan kings of Sweden, and where to this day stand three tumuli of these kings, great burial mounds which date from the fifth or sixth centuries B. C. The most revered of the ancient Scandinavian gods was Freyr, the god of light, and here in Old Upsala, on the site of the present village church it is said, stood the temple to this deity. But the new Upsala will interest you more, and it is not so new either, for the cathedral which is the largest church in the Scandinavian peninsula was begun in 1260, and the university founded in 1477. Gustavus Vasa, that indomitable builder, erected a long, unadorned castle here in the sixteenth century which, on the hill, dominates not only the city but indeed the surrounding country. And in the cathedral was buried Gustavus, the founder of the castle, with his three wives, and Linnæus, Swedenborg and other people distinguished in Swedish history.

Few capitals of the world, it will be seen, have at their doors surroundings more alluring, or more accessible, or more conveniently

reached, or less expensively seen, than Stockholm. When endowed, itself, with an unexampled situation, with splendid buildings and immaculate streets, with the old rubbing elbows with the new, with sunshine and sparkling waters, with parks and drives and tree-clad suburbs, with enchanting evenings along jeweled waterways, Stockholm is a city to linger in.

CHAPTER IV

Across Sweden by Canal

IN all Europe is there any trip more unusual than the journey through the Göta Canal in Sweden? Where else can you find a flowing road that makes its way through the heart of the country from coast to coast beginning at one of the two most important cities and ending at the other, a passage that takes you along peaceful rivers, across wide shimmering lakes, through green meadows, under overhanging trees, within sight of nestling villages and ancient churches and castle ruins.

The credit of building this splendid waterway belongs to no modern engineer, inspired by a desire to open up the beauties of the Swedish countryside to foreign tourists, but to Bishop Brask of Linköping, a town on the route, who in 1516 advocated this canal as a means for Swedish vessels to escape the duties levied by the Danes on shipping passing through the sound. Gustavus Vasa and Charles IX subsequently recommended the project, but

it was not until 1716 in the reign of Charles XII that work was actually begun. In spite of the wars carried on during the reign of the last mentioned monarch the great engineering project was vigorously advanced. Difficulties, however, attendant upon the building of some of the locks where unusual technical problems were encountered delayed the completion of the canal until the early part of the last century, when a final effort was made leading at last to the opening of the route from the Cattegat to the Baltic in 1832. The canal is really a combination of river, lake and canal, for out of a total distance of two hundred and forty miles less than sixty miles are artificial waterway. The variation of scenery thus afforded constitutes the greatest charm of the route.

At Gothenburg you board the diminutive steamer which is to carry you on your cruise through the heart of Sweden. It was the far-seeing Gustavus Adolphus who founded the city of Gothenburg in 1619. At that time he was but twenty-five, but he had already showed himself to have creative genius, to be an organizer, an able administrator, and a statesman as well as a soldier. He realized that Sweden

needed a port on the waters of the Atlantic close to the ocean highways if his country was to be a factor in future world trade. There had been a number of towns or trading posts on the chosen site during the preceding centuries, but because of their exposed position each had fallen prey to the depredations of northern kings and pirates. Gustavus Adolphus was none the less determined to build a city that would stand, a monument to Swedish trade and industry. It is related that as he paused in his inspection of the site on a hill within what is now the city, a bird pursued by an eagle dropped in utter exhaustion at his feet. Regarding this as a favorable omen, he exclaimed, pointing at the land before him, "There shall the town be built." In commemoration of this legend his statue, in the principal square which bears his name, shows him executing this impressive gesture. As a matter of fact the spot was chosen because of its logical situation at the mouth of the Göta-Älv River and because of the recommendation of his Dutch mercantile advisers who later laid out the city after the Low Countries plan of straight streets and numerous canals. Powerful fortifications were

constructed about the city and its walls were surrounded by a broad moat. Intended for another purpose, it is these very defenses that make the modern city one of the best ordered and most beautiful towns of moderate size in the North. For the walls have long since been razed to make way for a splendid esplanade and the moat has been converted into a water feature, with grass-clad and tree-lined banks, that winds through the heart of the city creating many enchanting vistas. Many of the smaller canals have been filled in and transformed into streets, and those that are left contribute greatly to the picturesqueness and interest of the city. A large park of rare natural beauty has been added to these features of lesser proportions so that Gothenburg has been provided with many of the elements that go to make a really beautiful city. There is almost nothing in the town that is ancient or bizarre, for the streets are ample in size and the buildings that line them are modern structures of stone and plaster.

The visitor will delight in wandering along the fragments of the canals of the past and through the park, formerly the moat, that winds

in serpentine fashion through the city, its sloping sides tastefully landscaped with shrubs and trees that cast reflections in the placid waters beneath. He will doubtless stop at the daily market which occupies a tiny plaza by the edge of this esplanade where the rosy cheeked market women sit behind their little stands of fruit and flowers, stretched along the grassy bank, and he will be entertained by the less attractive trading in produce and meats, live chickens and ducks and rabbits which is carried on behind the low market buildings within the square.

He will want to stroll over by the water front where ships from the four corners of the earth throng the quays, Gothenburg being the second city of Sweden and its greatest port. Here are found massive ocean liners, trading vessels of the North Sea and Mediterranean fleets, the smaller coasting vessels and Baltic merchantmen, deep sea trawlers and fishing smacks. Gothenburg's trade is a far flung one and as proof that she possesses a versatile citizenry stands the fact that she has become an industrial city of some importance as well, with a considerable diversity of manufactures. If the day be hot the visitor will, after this tour of

From the decks of the diminutive steamers of the Göta Canal the country's landscape and varied life pass in slow review.

The ruined towers of Bohus Castle, a stronghold on the Göta River built by a Norwegian king in 1308, are known as "father's hat and mother's cap."

The bicycle, Dalecarlia's most popular vehicle, seems ill-suited to the garments of the men.

The little folk of Dalecarlia dress in precise imitation of their elders.

the city, doubtless adjourn to one of the big outdoor restaurants that are situated in the outskirts of the city and laid out with gardens and arbors and trellises and vine-clad verandas, there to refresh himself with the alluring dishes of Swedish cuisine. The Swedes understand the amenities; they live well and they see that the strangers within their gates are given the best they have.

It is a leisurely journey of two days and a half on which you embark in the little steamer from Gothenburg. You will not spend long in your tiny cabin, but will take a seat on deck, and as the boat noses its way through narrow waterways overhung with trees, glides across some of the most beautiful lakes in Sweden, or clambers slowly up a series of locks, you will enjoy the country's landscape and varied life as it passes in slow review before you.

The journey abounds, I must warn you, in no striking natural wonders; the castles and churches that are encountered along the line are in no way remarkable; the towns and villages passed by the slowly moving steamers are characterized by nothing that differentiates them from a hundred others in Sweden. The

trip is never a dramatic one. The charm of the course, its infinite charm, lies in its mild adventure and the exceeding intimacy with which it brings you in touch with the rural life of the country. It makes you feel the heart beat of Scandinavia. One sees from his comfortable deck the best of Sweden; the picturesque peasantry, some of them still wearing colorful costumes; delightful villages, spotlessly clean, dominated by old gray churches built many centuries ago; imposing ruins and medieval castles; idyllic lakes; the archipelago of the Baltic; and, finally, the capital city of Stockholm.

During the first part of the journey the steamer proceeds slowly up the Göta River. Before the boat has been under way for very long the ruins of the great Bohus Fort, built in 1308, come into sight. In its day this fortress was the most formidable stronghold in the North. Only two of the towers remain and they are now known as "*fars hatt och mors mössa,*" father's hat and mother's cap. On the opposite shore is the little town of Kongelf, now an unimportant village, but at one time a meeting-

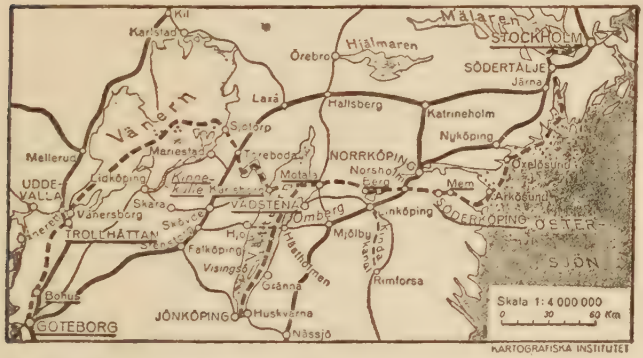
place for the rulers of three Scandinavian nations.

At Trollhättan the steamer meets its first series of locks, and as the boat consumes an hour or two in climbing the watery staircase, you have ample time to see the magnificent Trollhättan Falls and one of the largest electric power stations in the world. As for me, I admit that the edge of my anticipation was dulled somewhat by a fellow passenger who had been talking to me during the last hour of the journey. He boasted grandiloquently of the traveling he had done, and warned me not to be enthusiastic about Trollhättan Falls. No waterfalls, he contended, could compare with those of the Zambesi, and after his description of how he had stood on the escarpment of the African Rain Forest and watched the thundering cataract hurl itself over the four-hundred-foot face of the opposite cliff, he almost made me feel ashamed to take the trouble to look at these northern falls. When I returned to the boat my confession that Trollhättan had thrilled me caused him to sniff contemptuously.

As a matter of fact this cataract is magnificent. The falls are six in number and the volume of water passing over them is unsurpassed by any in Europe, unless it be by the Finnish Imatra. The river has forced its passage through a barrier of granite, hurtling and roaring its way between rocky canyons for a descent of one hundred and nine feet during the course of nearly a mile. The accumulated force of this water is some 270,000 horsepower, of which 170,000 horsepower has been utilized by the enormous electric power station constructed near the cataract. The current generated is in part consumed by the large industrial establishments near the falls, and in part distributed over the surrounding country. Sweden is richly supplied with water-power and, since she lacks coal deposits adequate to her needs, she transforms her cataracts into electricity.

Shortly after leaving Trollhättan the boat glides into the smooth waters of Lake Vänern, the largest inland lake of Sweden and, outside of Russia, the largest in Europe. Lake Vänern is more than two thousand square miles in area and, like Lake Vättern, was in prehistoric times an arm of the sea, separating southern Sweden

from the northern part. Here you have time enough to stretch your legs a bit in a scramble up to the top of Kinnekulle, a mountain towering eight hundred feet over the surrounding country and possessing extraordinary geologi-



The Göta Canal runs through the heart of Sweden connecting Stockholm and Gothenburg, the two principal cities. The dotted line shows the route made up of river, lake and canal.

cal interest. It rises in different rock strata; the lowest consists of sandstone with alum slate, the second is limestone, the third clay-slate, and the highest layer is of diorite, an eruptive mass which once covered the entire hill. The Kinnekulle with its rich vegetation,

its valleys and woods, its bold cliffs, and its numerous farms and pastures, is an inland rural paradise.

After it leaves Lake Vänern the canal begins a long uphill climb in its trip through Västergötland. From lock to lock the boat is lifted until it is finally one hundred and sixty feet above Lake Vänern and three hundred and eight feet above the surface of the Baltic. While the boat is busy sailing upstairs it is interesting to walk along the shore of the canal and watch the farm people who are at work near by. As it chanced I here came upon a Swedish-American who had returned to his home country after spending several years in our Middle West. He told me a good deal about the region through which I was passing, and asked many questions about conditions in the United States. The Swedish peasant is a genial fellow, intelligent, alert, and energetic. Incidentally, he is an excellent farmer, eager to put into practice the newest scientific methods.

Near the point where the canal enters Lake Vättern the boat passes the impressive fortress of Karlsborg, and then crosses the lake to the city of Motala. Lake Vättern is the second

The Lapps have responded to the efforts of missionaries, assisted by the teachings of Laestadius a century ago, and have long since adopted Christianity in its Lutheran form. Here they are shown entering a chapel for Sunday worship.

The Lapps of the northern highlands who have held to their rural occupation of reindeer herding are true nomads, following the seasons from place to place in search of pasturage for their herds. They erect their skin or burlap tents, which are not unlike the wigwams of the American Indians, with great rapidity.

largest of Sweden's numerous lakes and is curious in that its surface is nearly three hundred feet above the level of the sea and, the water being in some places nearly four hundred feet deep, the bottom sinks more than a hundred feet below sea level. Vättern is fed almost entirely by subterranean springs and its waters are so extraordinarily clear that the bottom can be seen at a depth of sixty-five feet.

Vadstena, a little to the south, is one of the most interesting historical places in Sweden. The town is dominated by a somber castle in the Renaissance style. St. Bridget of Sweden founded a convent at Vadstena in the middle of the fourteenth century which became the parent of numerous other convents in other European countries and formed the connecting link between Sweden and the civilization of the south of Europe. Very little remains of the original convent buildings, but the church, consecrated in 1430, contains many memorials of the middle ages, including a shrine said to contain the bones of St. Bridget herself.

From Motala the canal passes the old Vreta abbey church with its numerous graves of the middle ages and makes its gradual descent to

the Baltic; Lake Vättern is the highest point to which the boats are raised. From this point, the slow progression downstairs is even more delightful than the upward climb; some of the views are even more beautiful. Östergötland, the fertile country through which the canal passes, justifies the loyalty which it has inspired in its natives. It is said in Sweden that when an old-time Ostro-Goth was asked from what part of the country he came, he replied: "From Östergötland, God be praised."

Across Lake Boren the little steamer next makes its way, and passing through a section of the canal that overlooks a rich and smiling landscape, brings the traveler to the town of Berg, where a Cistercian convent built in the thirteenth century still exists. The journey proceeds through Lakes Roxen and Asplagen until the last part of the Göta Canal is reached at Söderköping, in ancient times a mighty commercial town, now a charming watering place. At the edge of the town close enough to be easily visited are the ruins of Stegeborg, a castle of that doughty monarch Gustavus Vasa. Here King Johan III was born.

At Mem the last lock ushers the steamer

gently into an arm of the Baltic Sea, and the water-trip across the mainland of Sweden is over. Through the lovely archipelago of the Baltic the boat cruises, in and out of narrow straits and between verdant islands, to the Södertelje Canal, then through Lake Mälar with its innumerable islands and its thickly wooded shores to the water-threaded city of Stockholm, "The Queen of Mälaren."

CHAPTER V

A City Empire of Vanished Glory

ON a tiny island in the Baltic scarcely more than fifty miles from the Swedish mainland rise the castellated towers of an ancient walled city that from the earliest times possessed imperial commercial power and during the middle ages was one of the world's great trading ports. Forgotten by modern masters of commerce and almost unknown by the rank and file of present-day people, it was famous during the centuries of its great eminence from the teeming centers of Asia to the golden cities of the Mediterranean. Merchant princes walked its streets, kings sought to possess its glory, imposing cathedrals expressed its gratitude and evidenced its wealth and its rich argosies ladened with treasure sailed the seven seas. All this medieval splendor has unhappily for the city-empire long since departed. Visby on the island of Gotland still lives, but, ignored by the world of which it was a vital part, it spends its latter days in sleepy contemplation

of its former glory, tranquillity and peace today taking the place of the striving and turbulence of yesterday.

Set sail for Gotland from either Stockholm or Kalmar, whichever you please, and arise early in the morning to view your approach to the enchanted city of Visby. From the Swedish capital it is but twelve hours' journey, and but eight if you prefer to leave from the more southerly Kalmar, which is one of the oldest towns of the kingdom and possesses a moated castle of the twelfth century. As you steam into the harbor you will see rising out of the mists of the morning the spires and walls and towers of a fairy city mirrored in the calm, clear waters of the Baltic, with its rugged outlines of masonry that seem to have been wrought by the hand of a fabled Titan. Landing on shore you will find almost totally deserted streets, for its worthy inhabitants of the twentieth century have little need to rise with the sun to take care of pressing business. After a while as you sit in your hotel on one of the winding thoroughfares which is more lane than street you may watch the city leisurely coming to life to add a day of quiet industry to the scores of

thousands of more feverish ones in times gone by.

To go back to the beginning of Visby and its Gothic inhabitants it is necessary to wander back through the pathway of time to the dim days of the ancient world. Visby at that time had not been born but Gotland, with its energetic inhabitants was an island empire and occupied a position in the trade of the Baltic analogous to that of Rhodes and Crete and Sicily in the Mediterranean. That it was a maritime power of considerable consequence is proved by the discovery in the soil of Gotland of numerous coins of the first century A.D. Indeed thousands of pieces of money bearing the imprint of Greek and Arabic, Roman and English have been found on this tiny island, which indicates the far-flung trade of the Gotlanders. The Gotland Vikings of the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries, trading and marauding, had extensive relations with the southern powers. Thirty thousand Arabian coins brought by these hardy mariners from the Caspian by sea and along the mighty rivers that cross Russia have been recovered from the soil of Gotland. As a heritage of those far off times Gothic re-

Kalmar Royal Castle on the coast of southern Sweden dates from the twelfth century and was one of Sweden's strongest fortresses. Visby, on the island of Gotland, can be reached by steamer from Kalmar in eight hours.

The market-place of Visby is flanked by ancient and modern buildings in strange contrast. The view over the waters of the Baltic from the towers of the crumbling churches is one of enchantment.

mains a living tongue in the southern part of the island, although its purity has been greatly diminished by the admixture of German, Russian, English and Scandinavian words and is now a dialect rather than a language.

Gotland, while the largest island in the Baltic, is, with its seventy-two miles of length and less than thirty miles of breadth, but a speck on the map of Europe. In those medieval days, however, it stood at the crossroads of the Baltic, squarely in the path of the great ancient trade route between Asia and Novgorod, the Russian milestone on the way, and the Baltic, and the steady flow of commerce centered there. The Gotland peasants and mariners throughout the entire length and breadth of the island appear to have been engaged in foreign trade on a large scale. They established a trading-factory in Novgorod which handled the rich caravans of wares that had their origin in the East, their vessels scoured the sea lanes in Orient and Occident buying, selling, and distributing, and their traders roamed the world on vessels of other nationalities always returning home in the end with goods or gold to add to their tiny island's commercial supremacy. England

and the thriving states of northern Europe adopted the sea laws and coinage of these energetic traders. The English knew the Gotlanders as Osterlings. Sterling, the designation of British currency, is a corruption of this word.

Until the early part of the twelfth century this lucrative trade of northern Europe was largely in the hands of the Goths. It is not strange therefore that merchants of other countries began to cast covetous eyes at the prosperous Goths and that, gradually, numbers of them came and established themselves there. Visby thus developed from an inconsequential village into a full-fledged city and its twenty thousand residents were soon in control of almost the entire trade that was formerly distributed throughout the island. People from many nations gathered here. The Germans, energetic traders themselves, came in such numbers that at one time half the town council and two of the chief magistrates were Germans. In 1280 an alliance with Lübeck was formed and two years later Riga joined the confederation for protection against the pirates of the Baltic. Extensive trading privileges with the principal

German trading ports were granted to the burghers of Visby by the German emperor and a trade alliance embracing these thirty or more cities was formed. Thus there came into being what was probably the beginning of the mighty Hanseatic League which controlled the trade of northern Europe for the succeeding centuries. Visby became one of the chief seats if indeed not the actual headquarters of the League.

These were golden days for this fortunate city of destiny. The riches that flowed here were proverbial, expressed in an ancient ballad which ran:

The Gotlanders weigh gold with twenty-pound
weights
And play with the choicest gems.
The pigs eat out of silver troughs
And the women spin with golden distaffs.

To make its defense secure great walls were constructed about the city, that still rise above the waters of the Baltic, mellowed by beauty-giving ivy, where once they frowned with uncompromising sternness on friend and foe alike. There remain in Europe few cities that

are so encompassed by their stalwart bulwarks of the past. If you have visited Aigues-Mortes and Carcassonne in France, or Toledo in Spain, you have some idea of the character of the ancient defense works that exist to-day at Visby. For two miles and a half these vast, gray fortifications extend their battlemented tops around the city, crowned at regular intervals by square unadorned towers rising, some of them, to a height of sixty feet, between which is a series of bartizans supported by corbels that add a picturesque touch to the venerable walls. Thirty-eight out of forty-eight of these towers have outlived their generation and stand guard over the city to this day, a futile defense now for age has hopelessly weakened their might, and the glory and treasure that they were once charged to protect have long since departed. In earlier times a moat, and in some places a series of three moats, gave added protection and these water defenses are still traceable. If you believe in legend and tradition you will pause a moment at the tower of *Jungfrutornet* or "maiden's tower," while your guide explains how a maiden, the daughter of a burgomaster of Visby, fell in love with a Danish

king disguised as a Gotlander and delivered up to him the key of the city gate stolen at night from under her father's pillow. The city fell to the enemy of course and the enraged citizens built this tower and walled into it the unfortunate maiden as a reward for her treachery.

Between these giant walls the life of the city, shrunk to half its former size, pulses slowly through its streets and narrow lanes. The inspiration of greater days is in the names of these crooked thoroughfares—Lancaster Street, Novgorod Street, Lübeck Street, Riga Street, Danzig Street—but not even this can bring again to Visby a tithe of her ancient glory. Along these dried up arteries of travel, once thronged by English, German and Russian traders, are fragments of churches, abbeys, cathedrals and dwellings of Hanseatic days. But the good people of present day Visby even though possessed no longer of treasure and glory have not allowed beauty to vanish from their lives for there are tiny gardens everywhere which yield roses of luxuriant abundance, and ivy wanders over the stately ruins of the past softening with its dainty touch the

scars and wounds of time. You do not wonder that Visby is called "The Town of Ruins and Roses."

The narrow streets of Gotland's capital, from which branch off winding and sometimes steeply climbing lanes, are lined with diminutive low-eaved and tiny-windowed houses of wood and stone and plaster, products of more recent times, but standing among them here and there are sentinels of the past, high, narrow, stately, gabled houses, the homes of the great merchant princes of the middle ages. In early times when Visby was the focus of the northern commercial world sixteen splendid stone churches catered to the spiritual needs of its people. The ruins of ten of these houses of worship remain to-day, relics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and another one, the cathedral of St. Mary, which was consecrated in 1225, is, after these centuries, still in use by the Christian folk of the city. It is a great assortment of churches you find, once attached to Franciscan and Dominican monasteries, for the Reformation had not yet come to Europe—churches with massive square towers that were used for defense purposes, sister churches built

There remain in Europe few cities that are so encompassed by their ancient walls as is Visby. For two miles and a half these vast bulwarks extend their battlemented tops around the city, built to protect its wealth and medieval splendor.

Visby in the heyday of her glory, when her argosies sailed the seven seas, was the home of many of the great merchant princes of the time. The ivy-covered Burmeister House was built in 1661 by a prosperous burgher.

in exact physical duplicate separated merely by a narrow lane, and a church, octagon in form, consisting of two stories and two separate floors with one choir in common. If these churches no longer bring spiritual solace to the people they still serve the worshiper of beauty. Their mellow, ivy-clad walls, their graceful columns and arches rising here and there above the city add beauty to the present and bring the atmosphere of the past, and from their towers the view to the distant horizon where the blue waters of the Baltic blend into the sky is one of enchanting loveliness.

The sixteen churches that, in the time of its magnificence, served the spiritual needs of Visby's twenty or twenty-five thousand people is graphic evidence both of the city's prosperity and wealth and of the religious impulse of the time. That a community of this size could support so many churches, many of them vast structures of medieval splendor, is difficult to comprehend, especially as they were all of one faith. The explanation doubtless lies in the fact that in those days religion occupied a dominant position in men's lives and was a living thing. Besides, the ritualistic service

with its music and chanting, its pomp and ceremony, was almost the people's only amusement. Material prosperity, defense against sin and even life itself were things, moreover, to be obtained from God by the intercession of the saints and thanks were accustomed to be given for preservation from danger. Visby's harbor, thronged with ships from the seven seas and the haven of mariners who had come unscathed through the perils of the deep, was assuredly a place in which to return thanks. With so great a floating population it is small wonder perhaps that Visby had her sixteen churches and that the island of Gotland as a whole supported nearly a hundred of them. It is likely that a generous share of the riches flowing through the city found its way into the coffers of the church, providing funds in abundance for the extensive building of ecclesiastical structures that took place during this period of splendor.

That such a treasure house as Visby could exist in the middle ages without attracting the cupidity of kings and pirates and sea rovers when men with unbridled passions sought to take what they could possess by right or might

is not to be thought of, and during these centuries the burghers were on many occasions summoned to the defense of the city. But the time came at last when even her massive walls and the stout hearts of the defenders were to be broken. Valdemar, King of Denmark, determined to possess the city and its fabled wealth. Whether or not the legend is true of the burgomaster's daughter who fell in love with Valdemar, the King of the Danes disguised as a Gotlander, and delivered up to him the key of the city, it is nevertheless a fact that this monarch at the head of his troops took the city in 1361 and sacked it and compelled the burghers to deliver up to him three great hogsheads filled with gold and silver and gems and other precious things as a ransom for the city, to save it from the torch. If you go and stand before the church of St. Nicholas in Visby you will observe two rose windows, sightless now like most of the other aged structures of the city. Each of these windows, tradition relates, contained a giant carbuncle that glowed with such luminous brilliance that sailors on the bosom of the sea were accustomed to steer their vessels into

harbor with their aid as by a beacon. These priceless gems were carried off by Valdemar, but tradition further relates that the King's ship, ladened with his immensely rich plunder, including the precious carbuncles, encountered a storm off the coast of Gotland and foundered, the King himself barely escaping with his life. To this day the sailors and fishermen of Gotland declare that in calm weather the glow of these carbuncles from the resting-place of the gems far beneath the surface of the water is distinctly seen.

It was a sanguinary battle that was fought outside the gates of the city on that memorable July day and one that was to change forever the destinies of the city. Eighteen hundred burghers fell in gallant defense of their city and these, with the Danes who likewise gave up their lives in this sharp, fateful conflict, were buried in a common grave marked by a curious stone cross that has remained through the centuries. Some years ago excavations in this ancient burial place brought to light several hundred skeletons, many of them encased in armor and accompanied by their medieval weapons, a grim memorial of the

greatest historical event and the most melancholy chapter in the romantic annals of the capital of the Goths.

But the extraordinary vitality of Visby enabled it to outlive even this devastating and impoverishing raid and the city continued to be a mighty power in the trade of the North for yet a long time. However, the losses in men and treasure on that tragic day struck a telling blow at the vital forces of the city, a weakening of vitality that its rivals for the commercial supremacy of the Baltic were not slow to take advantage of, and the almost imperceptible decay of Visby seems to have set in at that hour. An earlier blow at the prestige of Visby, and the first, struck as far back as 1293, when the Hanseatic League ordered all appeals from the trading-factory at Novgorod to be heard at Lübeck instead of at Visby. Following this came the disastrous raid of Valdemar in 1361, and this in turn was succeeded by a gradual change in the commercial routes of the North so that the trading ships no longer brought their rich cargoes there, and the town's ascendancy was at an end. Finally the Goths became involved in the wars between Den-

mark and Sweden, the island was the prey of pirates and marauders, and Visby's star of destiny set forever. Thus the proud city of the Baltic enthroned for centuries in the glory of the middle ages sank into total oblivion. How complete is the world's neglect of this venerable mart you will see if you mount with me the rough crumbling staircase of the ruined church of St. Nicholas and ascend to the roof. The Baltic is still there glittering in the morning sun and the golden argosies are yet thronging its waters just as they were accustomed to do in ancient times, although the vessels are now swiftly propelled by a new power unknown to the ancients. But surging along in the tireless energy of the twentieth century these richly cargoed ships no longer steer for Visby's harbor, but hurry past, with insolent disregard of Visby's age and fallen eminence, to newer ports where the modern masters of commerce are waiting—passing, forever passing the dethroned monarch which waits in vain for the homage that will never return.

CHAPTER VI

The Costumed Folk of Dalecarlia

GAYETY of dress is usually associated with southern countries. We find it natural that the warm-blooded peoples of the south should express their temperamental effervescence in the colors of their costumes, so Spain and Italy, and the other Mediterranean lands are habitually regarded as the happy hunting ground of the traveler whose quest is the picturesque in life. But this plausible generalization is soon discarded by the visitor to Sweden. There, in one of the most northerly countries of Europe, we find persisting to-day two radically different groups of national costumes that are unsurpassed by any on the continent. Up in the north of Sweden, close to the Arctic Circle, dwell the Lapps, the aborigines of the Scandinavian peninsula, whose racial stock is quite distinct from that of their present masters, the Swedes. These strange people wear a dress that is picturesque, indeed almost fantastic, and markedly colorful. Further south, almost

in the center of Sweden, live the natives of Dalecarlia, called the "Heart of Sweden," who cling to an ancient dress that is resplendent in medieval color and design. But one of these costumes has a festive significance, while the other has none: the Lapps wear their curious garb on every day of the year, for they know no other; whereas the Dalecarlians, for the most part, don their gala attire only on Sundays and holidays.

The home of these sturdy Dalecarlians is a smiling fertile province of rich farm land and wooded hills surrounding Lake Siljan—appropriately known as the "Eye of Dalecarlia"—a great body of water on whose gently sloping shores cluster the pretty little towns that are the social and business foci for the people of the surrounding countryside. There are nine or ten of these towns in all, each with its tributary community that is distinguished by its own individual costume, by an individuality that lies simply in the shape of a bonnet or the cut of bodice or skirt—really a distinction without a difference.

They are a friendly people, these men and women of sentiment and tradition. While on

After the church service, the peasants stand about for a highly-prized moment of gossip. In the background of this picture may be seen several of the little log sheds of which there is one for each horse whose master comes to church.

In Dalecarlia the ages of the country folk are distinguished by little difference of costume

the train that was carrying me to Dalecarlia, I fell into conversation with the conductor who visited my compartment at frequent intervals. When he learned that I had traveled so great a distance to see the people of his little-visited land and that I intended, perhaps, to write of them, his pleasure was unconcealed. This big, kindly man told me that he had been a sailor before the mast many years ago, and that in the course of his seafaring he had visited Savannah and New Orleans—an introduction to America which was apparently sufficient to give him a proprietory interest in everything or any one related to the Stars and Stripes. At length, when we reached a junction of the line, he came once more, explained with some formality that he was relieved from duty at this point, and expressed his pleasure at our meeting and his regret that he could not see me through to my destination.

Immediately after our departure from the station, a well-dressed citizen of the province strolled along the corridor of my car looking into the several compartments. Mine seemed to satisfy him. Entering, he introduced himself as a Swede and a Dalecarlian who had

once been in Hartford—indeed he had been chef in a club of that city—and seated himself comfortably for a friendly chat. It developed that he was an emissary of my late friend the conductor, who had told him the purpose of my visit to Dalecarlia. And so we chatted pleasantly all the way to Rättvik, my destination, where he acted as my interpreter at the station, and where we parted like old school-day friends. No introduction to the friendly, simple people of this pretty parish could have been more fitting or more typical.

These vigorous Dalecarlian peasants have reason to be proud of the share that they have had in making their country's history, and of their entity and solidarity that is symbolically perpetuated in a distinctive national dress. As related in the first chapter of this book, they played a powerful part in the struggle for Swedish unity. When, early in the sixteenth century, Christian II—a monarch of intellectual culture and ability, but self-willed and cruel—had brought the country to an evil state by his ill-conceived measures, his suffering subjects were suddenly goaded to rise in indignation and horror at his execution of no less than

eighty-two so-called rebels, in the market place of the capital. The peasants of Dalarne, to use the Swedish name for the province, were quick

The province of Dalecarlia is in the center of Sweden. It is in the small towns that cluster around Lake Siljan that the gayly costumed folk live.

to rally to the standard of Gustavus Vasa, whose father had been murdered in the "Blood Bath." Vasa, backed by his powerful army, whose

backbone was this same peasantry, declared Sweden independent of Danish sovereignty under Christian and, making his declaration a reality by force of arms, won the right to be called the founder of modern Sweden.

It was at Rättvik, the principal town of Dalecarlia, on Lake Siljan, that Gustavus Vasa summoned his countrymen to arms, and a monument now stands on an eminence at the edge of the churchyard to mark the historic spot where the liberator addressed the people. And it is to the little white sixteenth century church, a few hundred yards distant, that the farmers and townsfolk come to worship, appareled in their bright, becoming garb. On any week-day you may see occasional workers in the fields, or housewives busy in their yards, wearing this costume of their forefathers, but on Sundays and holidays you encounter not a few but thousands of men and women, each in a dress peculiar to an individual district. Substantially the same, but differing slightly in details, these costumes instantly identify the communities of the wearers.

To this church at Rättvik, and to many other

One of the most unusual sights of a Dalecarlian Sunday is the arrival of church worshippers by water. Formerly, whole communities came in this way in great barges, but these have been almost entirely replaced by private craft.

Whenever there is any special event in Dalecarlia the assemblage in the street or the public square gives the locality the appearance of being a scene from the operatic stage, in medieval costume.

meeting-houses, the people of the countryside come on foot, on bicycle, in two-wheel carts, and in motor cars that are chiefly of American manufacture. Those who have driven behind faithful old Dobbin unharness him and lead him into a tiny log cabin where a comfortable stall awaits his pleasure. Fringing the church grounds by the lake there are many of these diminutive cabins ready for their Sabbath occupants; but the lordly automobile must be content with an indiscriminate berth along the grassy roadside.

Across the water in Leksand the people congregate in the great, steepled, timber church, set in park-like grounds that border an arm of the lake. It is distinctly Russian in its character, with its huge wooden belfry, and it betrays the origin of its builders, for it was constructed in the seventeenth century by Russian prisoners of war taken by the Swedes.

It is somewhat startling to enter one of these churches after the people have assembled. The scene they present at worship and the panorama they make as they emerge and talk in groups or stroll through the towns seem strikingly like an operatic setting. The women with

their high conical bonnets and lace caps and colored bodices and the men in their clerical-cut blue coats, seated in Quaker fashion, form an unforgettable picture straight out of the past—a medieval mosaic in the polished but colorless social structure of modernity.

The costumes of the country folk are exactly what we see in a historical and romantic opera. The bodices of the women's dresses are fashioned of gaily colored velvet; the skirts, which are of cloth, are worn with what appears to be a gaily striped apron, but which is, in reality, a strip of multi-colored fabric sewn into the front. The younger women in some communities don upright conical bonnets with striped trimming, while in others a sort of sun bonnet is the head dress. The elder women affect lace or linen caps. The sartorial embellishment of the men is equally picturesque, though lacking in the vivid colors which characterize that of the gentler sex. Their coats, reaching to the knee, consist of blue and plum-colored cloth, cut high in the neck and single breasted after the fashion of a cleric; waistcoats of the same color; yellow buckskin knee breeches and blue or red stockings with little red tassels hanging

jauntily from the turned-over tops. In their vigorous dances these coats flare out in the most amusing fashion. But if you are delighted with the costumes of the grown-ups you will be captivated by the children, who are dressed in precise imitation of their elders, seemingly proud at their early age of perpetuating a costume that has survived the centuries, in dignifying a people of independent Swedish nationality.

While I was in Dalecarlia the much-heralded referendum on prohibition was held, and I repaired to Rättvik to watch the activities attendant upon this important event. It was a brilliant summer day and people flocked townward to attend church and afterwards to visit the polling places. It was a solemn yet unconventional affair and was, incidentally, a time of no little social importance to the country folk, providing as it did endless opportunities for gossip. There were the usual gatherings after the church service, leisurely strolls to the schoolhouse not far away, where the voting took place and where many groups formed to discuss soberly the supreme event of the day. Seemingly there is no ban against electioneering in

Sweden and little squads of people formed everywhere adjacent to the polls. At the entrance men and women representing the rival camps were stationed proffering ballots to the voters. These ballots consisted of small cards containing the single word *Ja* and *Nej,* the "yes" and "no" of the Swedish vocabulary. The voters made their selection, placed them in envelopes and handed them to the election clerks, who were surrounded by a throng of eager voters and spectators. Then the voters' names were checked off in a book, recording the fact that their ballots had been cast.

It was a clear sunny day and at Rättvik the scene was a brilliant one—the neat schoolhouse, country folk, old and young, arriving and departing by cart and automobile, groups of the more socially inclined scattered here and there in sunlight and shade, gleaming patches of light in the open and deep shadows under bush and tree. Presently we heard the singing of children's voices and a procession of boys and girls appeared, appealing in their quaint costumes and in the charm of their simplicity. At the head of the procession, which was in charge of a Salvation Army lass, marched a boy car-

rying a large banner on which was inscribed: "For Our Sake VOTE YES on August 27th," the children's mute appeal to their elders to ratify the prohibition referendum. Up to the very steps of the schoolhouse they marched, singing solemnly the while, impressive in their dignity and simplicity; then back again to the open road so that no eye would escape this urgent plea that Sweden might, in part at least, follow the example of America. Nor was Dalecarlia deaf to this appeal of the children, for it sent in an overwhelming vote to the Riksdag at Stockholm in favor of restrictions in strong drink, although the opponents of the measure won throughout the country by a slender majority in the nearly two million votes cast, the cities, as usual in matters of this kind, overcoming the votes of the country districts.

In Leksand I asked a quaintly dressed man of three score years and ten how he had cast his vote.

"Well," he said, "I have taken my glass of wine and beer for many years and am fond of it. I know how to drink in moderation, but for the protection of those who have a less degree of control, I voted 'yes.'" Evidently a

typical sentiment, judging from the result of the vote in this district.

Dancing is the principal recreation of the Dalecarlian country folk and an evening of this sort of festivity is a thing well worth seeing. No insipid toddle or fox trot suits these sturdy sons and daughters of a vigorous race, for, inspired by a native orchestra of piano, violin and zither, they go through their repertoire of picturesque folk dances with tremendous vigor, waltzing with such impetuosity that the men swing their partners clear from the ground. The musicians keep time with their feet on the board floor and the music with its jig-like quality is stimulating to action. But it is on midsummer evening, the night of June 23rd, that the dancing is seen at its best. Every community throughout the province, no matter how small and unimportant, has its tall, slender May pole standing in a spot convenient to the villagers. Each year this is decorated anew with wreaths and garlands, and is the center of enthusiastic gatherings of the peasants in their native costumes. Midsummer evening is the great outdoor festival of the year and the dancing continues all night, even dur-

The Swedish peasantry, nearly all of whom belong to the Lutheran church, are strict church-goers, as will be seen from this Sunday scene in Dalecarlia. The biblical quotation above the door is carved in old Swedish.

The Maypole, decorated with wreaths and garlands, is a feature of every Dalecarlian community. Around it on Midsummer Eve, June 23rd, the great outdoor festival of the year, the country folk dance the bright night through.

ing the brief twilight that comes when the sun dips below the horizon. The natives deck themselves with garlands from the field, the children gather flowers and throw showers of them into the passing vehicles, and the carnival spirit is rampant. A pretty idea, this tribute to the return of the sun in its glory; a festival that is a legacy no doubt from pagan days modified from actual worship of the sun god to mere exuberance at the return of summer's light and warmth.

An innate happiness and courtesy characterizes these simple people of Dalecarlia. The children and servants respond to a greeting with a quaint curtsy, and any Sunday or holiday one encounters children along the roadside who eagerly thrust forth bouquets of flowers for you to grasp as you drive by, gifts expressive of their happiness and their welcome. On Sunday afternoons, in the pretty little towns, football and other athletic sports are held, attracting throngs of natives in their gay attire. But it is the women who are doing most to perpetuate the romantic costume of Dalecarlia, for while the older men are frequently seen in this curious apparel of their ancestors, the

younger men prefer the fashions of to-day. While thousands of young women are seen "arrayed in their magnificent attire" very few of the younger men can be found who are carrying on in this way the traditions of their native land

CHAPTER VII

Gypsies of the Northern Wilderness

THE popular conception of Lapland is that of a vast desolate waste in the far North, perpetually snowbound; of the Lapps as a species of Eskimo who live their solitary lives in temperatures of Arctic frigidity far from the frontiers of civilization.

These, however, are not even half truths. Lapland is not a separate country but a province in northern Sweden, although the country of the Lapps extends over the extreme northern parts of Norway, Sweden and Finland, in those wide stretches of wilderness where these three states come together. At any rate, except in the highest mountains where snow persists all the year, summer in the land of the Lapps is characterized by green meadows and leafy woodland, sparkling lakes and surging watercourses, warm sun and long days, during which time the Lapps discard their furs and spend much time out of doors, while their reindeer roam over the mountain sides contentedly

munching the tender leaves and grasses. Winter comes early, however. October brings snow; the sun, which in midsummer never disappears, rapidly loses its strength and the long winter, with its biting temperature, sets in. Then it is that we have the Lapland of our imagination.

Far from dwelling remote from the frontiers of civilization, the Lapps, for many centuries, have been in contact with the Scandinavian people and in recent times have lived as close neighbors to, if, indeed, not side by side with them. As in the case of our American Indians, they have remained almost unaffected by the culture of the whites around them and live their lives in the uncultured ways of their remote ancestors. Indeed, the Lapps are among the most primitive people in the world. To be sure, thousands of these strange folk have forsaken their ancient habits, have ceased to be wanderers on the face of the land and have settled down as fisherfolk and farmers, without amalgamation, however, with the Swedes about them. But the most interesting of these people to visit and to study are the nomad or mountain Lapps, who still follow the seasons, roam-

ing across the country in search of grazing grounds for their reindeer.

To find these shy and peace-loving folk it is necessary, if convenience be considered, to stalk them in their summer villages in the northwestern part of Lapland, near the Arctic Circle, and to reach their country you have but to embark on the Swedish government railway that runs through the heart of this province, serving the settler and transporting the immense quantities of iron ore that are mined at Kiruna, in the center of this region. I am speaking now of the Swedish province of Lapland, for if you are not an explorer of inaccessible places or a pioneer of the unbroken wilderness you will have to visit the Lapps where the railroad will bring you within easy journey. Their country in northern Norway, except near the coast, and in Finland, and to some extent in Sweden as well, is still a "vast wilderness, a boundless contiguity of shade," whose undulating solitudes are yet undisturbed by the whistle of the locomotive.

The Lapps are a solitary folk not given to participation in Swedish life, but in the towns where they go to buy the few needed articles of

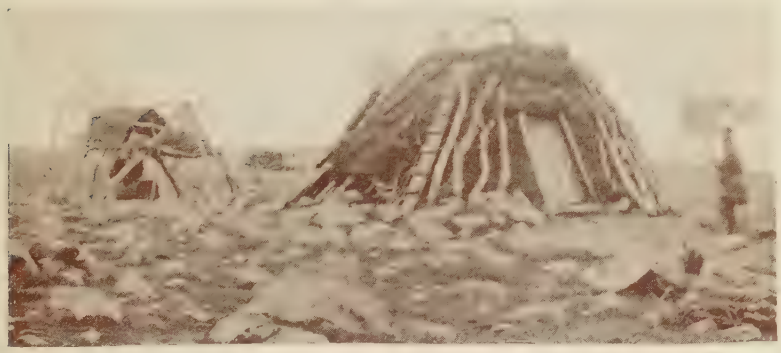
The railroad makes its way northwest through the heart of the Swedish province of Lapland tapping the rich iron mines at Gällivare and Kiruna. The dotted lines on this map indicate the tourist routes.

civilization and to sell their reindeer meat and hides they do come in contact with the Swedish people. In spite of this relationship the Lapps continue to dwell in settlements exactly as they existed before the dawn of civilization. The temporary villages erected on the march consist entirely of tents, quickly erected on poles and covered with coarse burlap, blankets and skins, not unlike an Indian wigwam. Their headquarters for the summer and winter consist, on the other hand, of conical mud huts, ten, twenty or even more houses scattered over a fairly wide area constituting a settlement. These huts are of the simplest construction, merely poles covered with birch bark and thatched with sod. The tents are pitched and the huts erected on the bare ground over which is spread a layer of birch twigs, and on top of this reindeer skins are thrown. In the center of the hut, on the ground, is an open fire which keeps the occupants warm and over which the food is cooked. In this single circular room the entire family lives, and sometimes boarders are taken in, too. Access is by means of a door set in the sloping sides and held in place by reindeer thongs. Existence is thus reduced to

its simplest terms and worry over the high cost of living is definitely eliminated from the calendar of these supreme exponents of the simple life.

Making a call in Lapland you pull up the door of your prospective hosts and enter without ceremony. When the Book of Etiquette is translated into Lappish, visits will be, perhaps, by invitation only, or at least the caller will knock before entering, but Lappish etiquette was formulated long before the advent of our effete civilization and the utmost democracy still prevails. Mr. and Mrs. Lapp, and the children, should the latter not be out at play, you will find squatting on the floor around the fire or sitting at leisure against the side of the hut. In the center, on the ground, is the fire, and the chimney is a simple opening in the roof. No furniture whatever graces the interior beyond a little chest or two, a few inches high, wherein are kept various small possessions. An inverted wooden box usually serves as a sideboard for the food and the simple cooking utensils. Many of the problems of household moving which affect civilization are, you will perceive, quite eliminated.

Here, crossing the lake which adjoins the town of Kiruna, in central Swedish Lapland, is shown a typical procession of migrating Lapps with their sledges piled high with tents, clothing and equipment.



Between their semi-annual migrations, the Lapps live in more or less permanent dwellings not unlike the hogans of the Navajo Indians. These are made of poles covered with birch bark and thatched with thick sod. On a covered platform, near the hut shown above, are kept meat, hides and provisions.

The Lapps are expert in the use of skis and employ them extensively. The reindeer is a universal animal becoming a beast of burden and supplying food and clothing.

And this extreme simplicity of household equipment leads to an equal artlessness of habit. What, for example, could be more delightfully easy when bedtime comes than merely to remove your rawhide moccasins, drop on the soft deerskins spread on the ground, draw a blanket over you and lose interest in the world. The father and mother of the family sometimes hang up a small curtain to screen themselves from the rest of the household, but this constitutes the utmost privacy they ever have. This naïve habit of sleeping in their clothes, which at least saves time and trouble, insures warmth of body and effects a considerable saving in laundry work. The Lapp encampments are usually pitched by the side of a lake, but the worthy citizens seem to do their bathing and laundry vicariously—by watching the water.

Doubtless one becomes accustomed to a lack of hygiene and sanitation in living. But the visitor, fresh from the ultra refinements of civilization, who possesses a vivid imagination, will not, I venture to say, altogether enjoy the novelty and informality of sleeping or eating in a Lapp community. I have never paid any

long visits to Lappish camps, but I have spent an occasional night with a native family, and I must confess that, owing to the fantastic strangeness of the surroundings and the informality of the arrangements I have slept but little. To woo gentle slumber fully clad, couched on a deerskin rug, which you realize has been there for many weeks welcoming friendly insects, a smoldering fire at your side, filling the hut with smoke, dogs wandering in during the silence of the night and rolling up in friendly fashion at your feet, the yelping of their friends in the community and every movement of the night distinctly audible through the open top of your bed chamber, is a difficult thing.

The meals of the Lapps are as simple and unceremonious as their living arrangements, consisting principally as they do of deer meat, stewed or fried, or merely dried or smoked and eaten uncooked. Cakes and bread are sometimes made from the flour purchased in the towns and coffee is used sweetened with salt, the resulting beverage being quite foreign to the palate of the visitor. Goats' milk is also used extensively, for it is, so to speak, a home-

grown product. Goat herds are a part of most Lapp communities.

In spite of this devotion to a meat diet the Lapps, especially the children, are fond of sweets, and accept them from the visitor with enthusiasm. Journeying for a few days one time among some Lapp encampments and bringing with me my provender, there was left over on the day of my departure a small bag of dried fruit. Having lunched with a Lapp family I handed the bag of fruit to the father as a present for the children. He accepted it gladly, promptly handed out a piece of fruit to each of his children, overlooked his wife entirely and leisurely ate the rest himself. This impressed me as showing not only that sweets are enjoyed by all ages of Lapp society but that it identified as well the father's position in the household. In Lapland he still shows every evidence of being undisputably the head of the family.

Upon entering to make your call you receive little cordiality of greeting. Effusive handshaking and gracious compliments are reserved for highly civilized folk. The occupants will, momentarily, glance up from their work, but

without curiosity or surprise, even though a visitor from without may be somewhat rare. If you speak with the tongue of a Lapp you will say:

"*Puuri paiva,*" which means "Good-day to you."

The reply will be "*Puuris purris,*" or "I wish you good-day."

And if you are very polite you will answer:

"*Ibmil ahti,*" "God bless you."

The greeting would be somewhat different if you yourself were a Lapp and should meet a friend whom you had not seen for some time. In that event you would advance, put your arm around him and clap him gently on the back, murmuring the customary sentiment of good will.

In case, therefore, you are the visitor don't regard it as lacking in courtesy if your welcome seems devoid of cordiality. The Lapps are among the most impassive and unemotional people in the world, accounted for, perhaps, by their excessive shyness.

They will, in playing the part of host, motion you to a seat on their tiny treasure chest, knowing your unfamiliarity with the simple

art of sitting on the floor. Perhaps they will inquire where you have just come from, but as a rule you will have to do the talking. Their replies to your questions will be almost entirely in monosyllables and they will proceed with their occupations as though you were not present. Questions on their part are rare. While on the subject of social procedure you should be warned that the one question you must never ask is concerning the number of reindeer they possess, the equivalent of inquiring of a new-found acquaintance how much money he is worth. The reindeer constitute the Lapps' sole wealth and they guard this information with profound secrecy. On the other hand, such impersonal questions as those regarding their ages you may ask with impunity.

While you are carrying on this conversation, which bears close resemblance to a monologue, your hosts will be proceeding with their tasks. The favorite craft of the men is the working of reindeer horn, carving out knife handles, sheaths, spoons and other articles ingeniously fashioned. The women, free of arduous housekeeping, make the family apparel. You will find them weaving brightly colored material

for belts and dress trimmings, making clothing by hand and on sewing machines, gloves for their own use and for the market, scraping and tanning hides for these purposes by immersing them in a bath of birch bark and water. Even their thread for sewing the heavy winter garments and moccasins is home made. The women fashion it from reindeer sinews, pulling the strands through their teeth to soften them and to remove stray threads.

During the summer the men make and repair sledges, harness, skis and tent equipment, and a certain amount of fishing and hunting is indulged in. Snowshoes are never used but the Lapps are expert in the use of skis and employ them extensively. The herdsmen of the camp are off continually with the reindeer herds, which occasionally number as many as a thousand head and which, at certain times of the year, must be closely watched or they will disperse rapidly. Reindeer never become entirely tame unless broken to harness, and consequently must be guarded with care.

Among the primitive people of the world there are few that wear more colorful or fantastic costumes than the Lapps. In summer

Among the primitive people of the world there are few that wear more colorful or fantastic costumes than the Lapps. The hat, adorned by a flaming red tassel, is a masterpiece.

Lapp children are miniatures of their elders, wearing in winter the same warm reindeer skin costume with reindeer boots and reindeer breeches. These youngsters are wearing bells about thir necks to keep them from getting lost.

the women array themselves in blue cloth dresses trimmed with gold braid, in which reds and yellows predominate, a broad belt of colored cloth or leather, a bright-figured kerchief, worn around the neck fastened with a large silver broach, tight breeches of blue cloth or skin, reindeer moccasins tied with colored braid, and red and blue lace-trimmed caps. Indoors and out, curiously enough, these caps always appear to be worn. The little girls are exact duplicates of their mothers, even to the long skirts.

The apparel of the men is equally strange and colorful. Their summer costume consists of a blue cloth tunic, cut very full with the suggestion of a tail like a cutaway, trimmed with colored braid and held in by a broad belt from which hang two knives of native manufacture, blue cloth or skin breeches, moccasins turned up at the toes and stuffed with a fine dried grass that takes the place of socks, a gay kerchief around the neck and a hat with a patent-leather peak, although the head covering varies somewhat with the locality. The hat is a masterpiece. Cut full and adorned by a huge, fluffy red tassel, it sits at a rakish

angle and gives the wearer the appearance of a court jester or of an actor in a comic opera. The skin-tight breeches, surmounted by the flowing coat caught in the center by a belt that causes the skirt of the tunic to flare, gives them a top-heavy appearance, not unlike that of a pouter pigeon. The highly amusing character of the ensemble is enhanced by the fact that the men are usually pigeon-toed, and in walking fail to straighten their knees, with the result that they move along with a springy gait. No doubt their curious method of walking has been developed through countless generations of nomadic life, enabling them to cover long distances over slippery trails with the least effort and fatigue.

The boys dress exactly like their fathers and look like jaunty young Robin Hoods. This effect of manliness disappears when they run, for the skirts of their tunics fly out in all directions and they look as a man would appear doing a marathon in a full-dress suit. But, as a rule, the boys conduct themselves with great self-reliance and when given a serious task to perform such as, for example, leading the way over a trail or when sent on an errand they

swing rapidly forward in complete silence, never lingering and looking neither to the right nor to the left.

The children regard the stranger with no little curiosity and with some suspicion, but they soon become friendly. If you are carrying a camera, however, and attempt to take their photographs they appear terrified and scamper in all directions. Unless you gain the confidence of their elders and a friendly basis is established they will never approach near enough to come within range of the camera.

The contradictory attitude which the Lapps assume toward the camera is a curious one. They will rarely submit to being photographed and the very old people will fly in terror if you attempt it. If, however, you gain their friendships, their scruples will, in many cases, be overcome and you may take their pictures at will. The root of their objection seems to lie in their religious belief, which, founded on the Lutheran faith, teaches them to forsake graven images, and being without a fine sense of discrimination, they have come to regard with superstitious fear the image wrought by the magic of the camera.

Long since the Lapps have forsaken their paganism of early days and, under the influence of the Swedish church, have embraced Christianity. As early as the sixteenth century efforts were made to Christianize them. At the beginning of the last century they were profoundly influenced by the teachings of Læstadius, a Lutheran missionary, who initiated among them a religious movement, somber, ecstatic, compelling, that has spread through the entire Lappish race. They are now a deeply religious folk, and are known as Læstadienists. Honest and trustworthy and loyal to their faith, they hold Sunday in such respect that many of them refuse to trade on that day.

These strange people, while enjoying almost unlimited freedom, are not ignored by the State. The Swedish government has long recognized its obligation to the Lapps within its boundaries and has been equally conscious of the value of their wholly distinctive industry in the utilization of vast stretches of land unsuitable for other purposes. The reindeer herds of the Lappish nomads probably average a quarter of a million head and contribute in hides and meat a considerable wealth to the

country. Indeed, for a century or more the Lappish people have been the concern of the several northern European states and a series of conventions between Norway, Sweden and Russia have been held, at which regulations governing the interstate migrations of the Lapps have been formulated in order that these snow gypsies might not be deprived of their ancient rights. The boundaries of the grazing grounds and dwelling places of the reindeer and their masters have thus been defined and protection to their life and industry afforded.

The Swedish government has also long since adopted a progressive policy of education for the Lapps. For some time education has been compulsory, the State providing teachers, frequently of Lapp birth, who move about with the people and reside at the various summer and winter encampments. At the established settlements the schoolhouse is a conical, sod-thatched hut, exactly like the adjoining homes, and here the bright-eyed pupils, arranged in a semicircle, sit on the ground and get their rudiments of education. The children begin their schooling at eight years of age and for a period of six years receive six months' in-

struction each term. During the first three years the children are taught in the encampments; the remaining three are spent at a central school, where the pupils board. The curriculum is directed mainly toward making the Lapps efficient in their native tasks and the course is thus a very practical one. The children are taught the scientific raising and management of reindeer, natural history, nature study, hygiene and related subjects. This instruction is given in Swedish, but respect for the language of their forefathers and a continuance of its use is urged. On the other hand, they are encouraged to learn Swedish in order that they may not be at a disadvantage when trading with the Scandinavian merchants. The children are bright and eager, surpassing in keenness the Swedish children until they reach the age of twelve or thirteen years, when their mental development seems to be arrested and they appear capable of making little further progress.

In view of this groundwork of education and a relative opulence from the successful raising of reindeer it is surprising the manner in which the Lapps continue to live in the primitive

Cruising along the Göta Canal from the Cattegat to the Baltic, many venerable churches and castles are passed. Here is the Castle of Vadstena built in the sixteenth century.

The colored braid, the belts and cap trimmings of the Lapps are not made in the civilized centers of Sweden but are woven by hand by the Lapp women themselves, who regard the ornamentation of their costume as practical a necessity as eating or sleeping.

ways of their ancestors without any of the comforts of civilization, and their total lack of any intellectual pursuits, even of the simplest sort. At certain times of the year, when they are killing their deer for market, and branding their calves, and during the several spring and fall months in which they are moving between their summer and winter encampments, their work is tiresome and exacting. Through this period they are obliged, in the severities of the Lapland climate, to break up camp almost daily, move their families and possessions and guard their herds. The rest of the year they have plenty of leisure time, during which they sit in their huts making articles of reindeer horn and clothing for their families, enterprises that are carried on by hand in the most primitive manner. Reading is an unknown recreation and when not engaged in these simple industries they sit aimlessly about their huts taking their ease. The Lapps, as a result, are quite without imagination and manifest little interest in anything that does not affect their own lives. That I, for example, should have come a long distance from overseas to visit them in their far north-

ern homes meant, in some instances when it was explained, nothing whatever to them and in other cases it caused only momentary wonder. A three-thousand-mile journey from the new world failed to penetrate their understanding until it was illustrated as being a distance equal to many times their annual migration. Even the younger folk never appeared to have heard of America or of a city called New York.

Some families are even less influenced by education and modern life than others and are only in the first stages of civilization. Entering a hut one morning, for instance, I found a father and his two young daughters sitting on the ground against the wall munching bits of meat which they were paring off reindeer bones and which apparently had been dried but not cooked. Feeling a bit hungry they had, like animals, picked up these chunks of meat to devour them without any more formal arrangements for a meal than this, a somewhat typical occurrence. As we talked with the father, a conversation which he had little interest in maintaining, due to diffidence or indifference or sheer ignorance, he continued to pare off meat and eat it, every now and then non-

chalantly wiping his knife on the backs of the dogs, which were contentedly lying at his side as official and intimate members of the family. In the evening the children come in from play and get their evening meal, and then without preparation or any more formality than that of an animal which tires of eating and sinks into sleep they flop over on the warm deerskins fully dressed and are asleep almost before they touch the ground. Save for the use of a few modern cooking utensils, a limited supply of prepared articles of food, such as flour, and a market for their reindeer meat and hides, the Lapps live the life of primitive man.

Racially the Lapps are of quite a different stock from the Scandinavian. Their origin is somewhat in doubt, but it is likely that they migrated to the Scandinavian peninsula from the east, possibly as hunters and fishermen in primitive times following the recession of the inland ice as it gradually uncovered the northerly lands. They are commonly thought of as Mongolian in origin, a theory that is to some extent borne out by their physical characteristics. Their short stature, high cheek bones, low foreheads, yellowish-brown complexions,

brown eyes and dark, or straight black hair indicate an Eastern rather than a Western type. Never at any time have they been very numerous and to-day in northern Sweden they hardly muster more than eight or nine thousand. Of these, in Swedish Lapland, about twenty-five hundred are nomads. In Norway and Finland there is probably an equal number of these strange, unchanging people.

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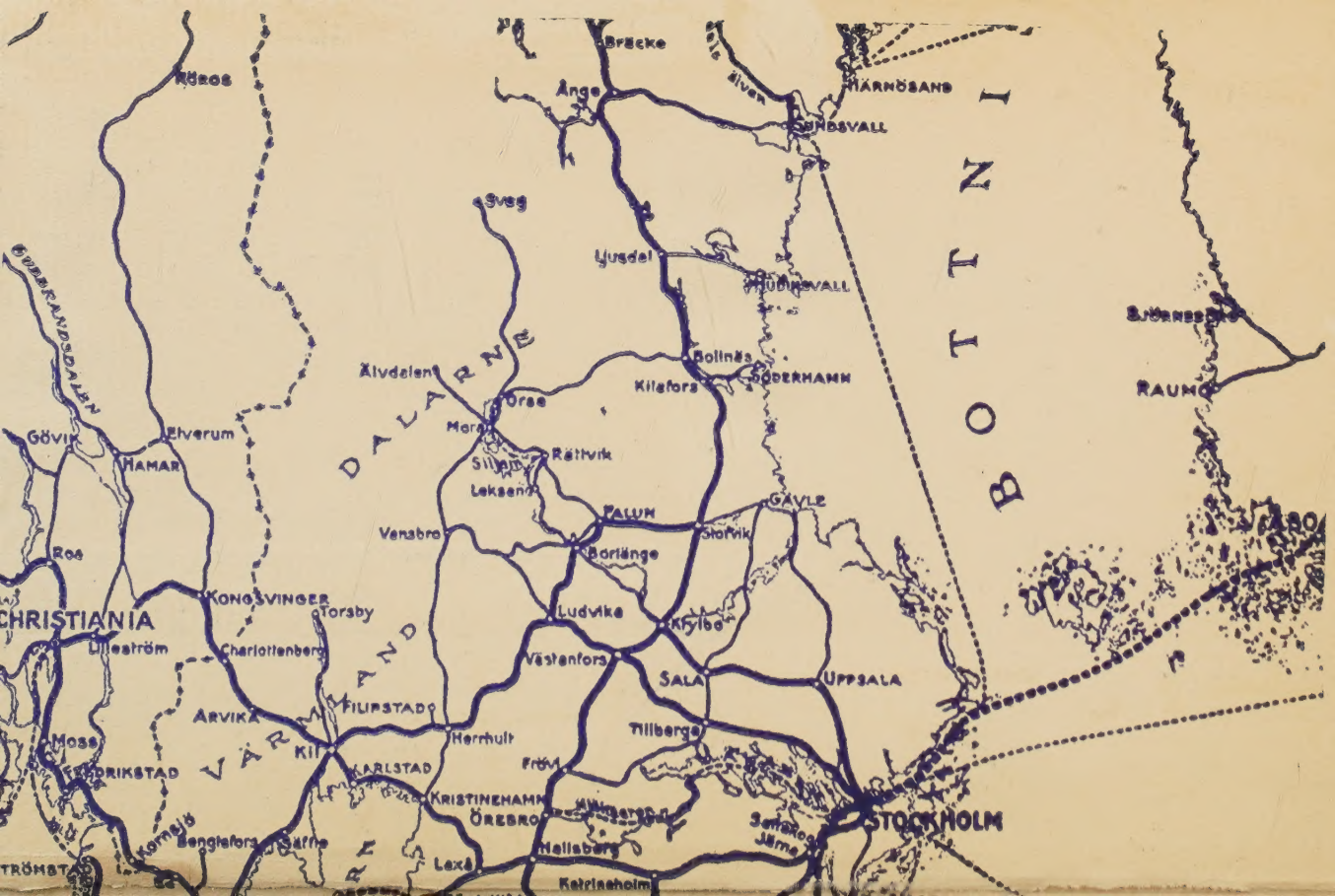
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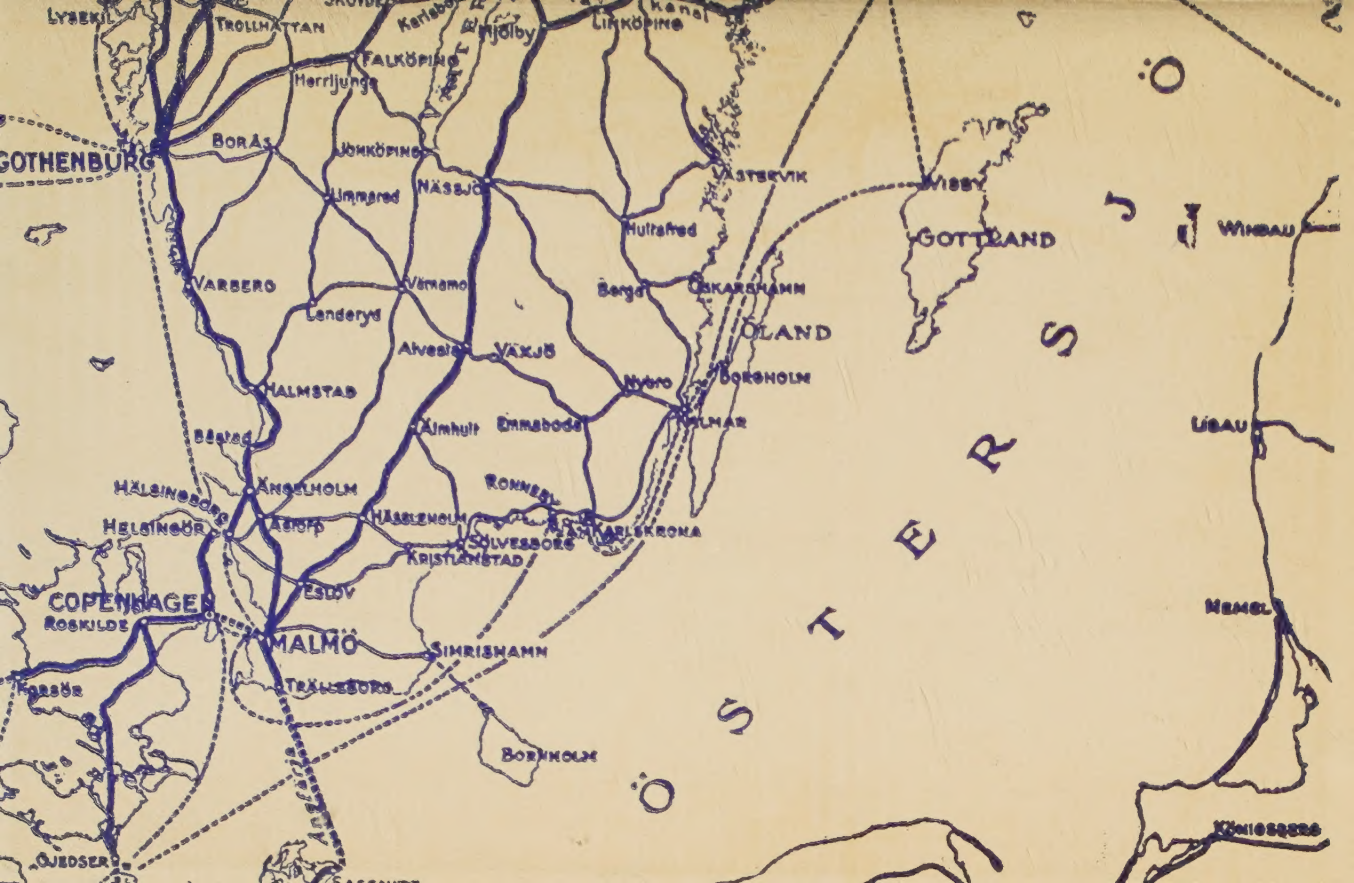
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